

HEADPRESSES 8

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BIG SEXYLAND & HEADPRESS



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"Even while I was sick to the stomach, I was having an orgasm."

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EDITORIAL

What a wonderful year that was. As of next issue *Headpress* will follow governmental advice and 'go back to basics'. Don't know what it means, but it sure sounds like fun! And, hey, don't we all want to be politically correct and admired? It looks like many of our lovely ministers and church leaders are already embarking on some kind of primitive regression. Lots of sex and violence coming out of the closet.

Lets just have a quick recap on good old 1993.

Early in that year the IRA were getting much attention with their out-of-control bombing campaign. Tearing great lumps out of mainland UK. A bit of random slaughter here and there. Women, kids, postmen, who cares? It's all for a political cause. John Major scuttled to the steps of Number 10 on each occasion to let the public know his feelings of outrage against such actions. At the same time, Mr Major conspired with one Bill Clinton to detonate several tons of high explosives in the centre of Baghdad. A bit of random slaughter here and there. Women, kids, postmen, who cares? It's all for a political cause. Well, *revenge* in this case because the CIA found proof (photo of car battery and loose wires) that the Iraqis had attempted to assassinate George Bush with a car bomb. Well, for all we know those cruise missiles *may* have killed the person responsible.

And what of David Koresh and his method of deciphering the messages in the Good Old Book? Lots of sex and ultra-violence here too. Not only did he bleat the words of Jesus, but he fucked just about every follower in his incarcerated congregation. Finally, to consecrate his love for his disciples, he fried them alive. Nice.

The lunatics are taking over the fucking asylum, man. Later in the year, here in the UK, we had a couple of horrifying murders, followed by some remarkable after effects. The hypocrites came a squirming from their mounds of excrement to capitalise on the deaths of James Bulger and Susan Capper.

Both children were put through inconceivable torment before finally succumbing to the brutal ferocity of their attackers and slipping into the netherworld.

Four-year-old Bulger, battered to death and thrown beneath a train by a couple of pre-pubescent freaks. Sixteen-year-old Capper, tortured and burned alive by a bunch of drug-soaked, ugly, brainless geeks.

Sadly, any opportunity to investigate the causes of these events was scuppered by ill-founded comments made by the judge in the Bulger trial. The mere suggestion of videos was enough for the gutter press to launch its bogus 'we care about the children' campaign. The target was the tacky

horror film *Child's Play 3* simply because the father of one of the child killers was alleged to have watched it some three weeks before the murder of Bulger. *That* was the link. The fucking cause. The father watching a movie. The newspapers *loved* it. They were blinded by their own desperation to get attention, to sell more copy. Cutting and pasting photos of victim, perpetrators, and the Chucky doll looming in the background. All in the best possible taste, of course. But, common sense and rationality has to go out the window for newspapers such as *The Sun*. Let's not forget that their campaign to get the 'sick' film banned came after the newspaper's sister company, Sky television, had beamed the very same movie into the homes of thousands in the weeks leading up to Bulger's death.

Church leaders too were quick to exploit the situation. Seems like they want something else to save us from. They, like the media, focused on the evil of movies and called for them to be banned. If they were genuinely sincere in what they demand – the banning of a product that seems to be linked to the death of a child – then why were there no calls for the destruction of the *Bible* following the Waco spectacle. The was no doubting the fact that the book was responsible for Koresh's leading men, women and children to terrible deaths. As too were similar events in Guyana in the 70s when almost 1000 people were poisoned to death thanks to the Good Book. Of course, to even *suggest* the banning of such a tome would be very unpopular to say the least. So, at the end of the day, hypocrisy prevails.

MPs also crawled out of the woodwork. Many whose names we had never even *heard* of before. But here was an opportunity to claim concern. To appeal to emotions in a moment of crisis. To pretend to be a decent guy after all. Now we have a potential term 'Not suitable for home entertainment' to contend with. For this to take effect it has to be read as 'Not suitable for children'. The ever popular 'lovers' guides' will be amongst the first videos to be destroyed, followed by all titles rated 15 and over. Not only will it cover videos, but television too. Even published works must fall in the same criteria. Is *The Sun* suitable for young children? (Although the banning of *The Sun* does sound rather appealing.) What of alcohol and cigarettes? Suitable for children? No. All sounds rather ridiculous doesn't it.

Oh well, enough of all this.

Go check out Big Sexyland . . . before it's too late

David Slater

Hallowed be thy ROYAL JELLY

Anthony Petkovich

Doggie Style is by far the most popular position in slime cinema. Why? For one, it allows consummate ass lovers the blessed opportunity to zero-in on what should always be (aside from a digestible mug and life-like groans) a limelit tramps's best feature.

But there's also the submission factor to consider. Because it's not just the position – it's what happens as a consequence. And that's the slam. Nothing, I mean *nothing* compares to the image of a sex goddess obediently getting on her haunches and taking a hard ride, be it down the Clam Coast or up the Hershey Highway. Well, almost nothing.

Like any fine wine that bites back with a distinctive aftertaste, an awesome pair of flesh pillows will bounce back when assertively torpedoes. That is, once a stud gets his piece pipe really smoking (thereby earning at least half of his 'fun' money), the spotlight strumpet's ass cakes will reach that magical point at which they begin to sway, undulate, jiggle. And, for my money, the more jiggle the better.

For your spewing pleasure, therefore, here's a list of female porn stars – past and present – who are model examples of what I've dubbed the royal jelly effect. Afterwards, let us take one minute of solemn silence to ardently pray (with free hand) for more royal jelly sluts in future days of smutdom.

Tanya Foxx

The princess of posterior protuberance, this tan-skinned hot box has got a healthy basketball butt on her which many a fan would pay to dribble. When a stud bangs her (from) behind, you can see the awe and delight spread across their faces like jam on toast. "Christ Almighty," they seem to be thinking, gawking down at those jumbo-sized cling peaches. "Are those *really* mine? Hum-baby! Let's see them bad boys fly!" Lucky bastards. Her thin waistline and petite height make her wide and wiggly tukus all the more



Tanya Foxx

scrumptious. A veteran DP/anal bandit, Tanya traded in hardcore for fetish (snore) about two years ago. Truly a tragic loss to fans of fabulously flying fannies. Yet her prolific legacy of sleaze (1985-1990) provides many a bone-throbbing scene of those marshmallowy muffins set on high-powered undulation. Not-to-miss jelly titles include *Rambane Meets the Double Penetrators*, *Return to Sex Fifth Avenue*, *Double Penetration*, and *Primary Pleasure* (the latter being a novelty in that B-girl Foxx – next to

Alexa Parks – is in just about every scene: her brawny, gelatinous butt highlighted by leather mini-skirts, garter belts, and stiletto heels . . .).

Jamie Leigh

Her moniker obviously inherited from a slightly washed-out resemblance to plastic surgery buff Jamie Leigh Curtis, this young sleaze queen has absolutely nothing to hide (at least from the neck down): a small yet highly suckable set of, as yet, real tits (about as rare as Kryptonite these days); smooth mocha skin; and a priceless pair of fleshy, round clamshells which look unnatural without baby (if not olive) oil rubbed deeply into them and an ungentlemanly, preferably unwashed slob shucking them with heartless gusto. Since Leigh is hopelessly addicted to violent doggie dorkings, unsympathetic jackhammerings of her shit pit, and sloppy double penetrations (is that redundant?), she's truly the right stuff for royal jelly aficionados. *Cheek 4* and *New Wave Hookers 2* are good starting points to worship Jamie's incredible bouncing booty.

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Mai Lin

Mai Lin

Everyone's always going bonkers over the original Dragon Lady's long, fluttering eyelashes; silky black hair; and firm, bite-sized titties. No argument, Jake. But what about her butt, fer crissakes? When she's slung over a four-poster getting her money maker shaken, her cheeks vibrate about as rigorously as a can of paint being electronically mixed. She retired out of the jazz biz for a number of years (after the 'Golden Age' died a horrible death under the hammer of the video explosion). Now she's back. A little older. Some say in poorer shape. But her Chinese custard pies are still as sweet and quivery as ever. Lately I've seen her in a couple of really nasty anal flics, too (one - *Anal Delights 2* - in which she giggles hoarsely as Sean Michaels gets gobs of Szechuan shit on his monstrously long, charred hot link). Actually, one of her best butt scenes occurs when she's in the saddle riding the ever-hideous Herschel Savage in *Amanda by Night*. As she sits on top of Mr. Ugly, Mai Lin's big ass cheeks shake with such robustness, you'd swear the Richter scale just hit 7.5.

Casi Nova (aka Yasmin)

God I love this woman! With whorishly thick lips, talon-

like snap-on fingernails, jet black hair, mascara-drenched eyes, and seductive broken English, this Turkish delight's big, jelloey cheeks are the meringue on the lemon pie. Although Nova was never an outright heifer (like Trinity Loren for instance), some critics panned her for being too plump and fleshy. Praise Allah! I liked her just the way she was - her voluptuousness lending a magical, mind-blowing spring and play to those olive-skinned harem pillows. I've never seen a pair of spankers gyrate with such graceful

disgrace. Brilliant. Like Tanya Foxx. Nova's narrow waistline made her wide, juicy butt all the more pronounced, accentuated, and obsessive to me. And, unfortunately, like Foxx, Nova dumped slimy pink for

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Casi Nova

ho-hum kink videos about a year ago. Shit! Nevertheless, you can catch her Turkish tail wail in *Women with Big Asses*, *Good Morning, Saigon* and *Hustler Voodoo Lust*.

Taija Rae

Although perhaps over-exposing herself by appearing in just about every other frothy frolic throughout the eighties, Taija is, nonetheless, the quintessential cutie pie – her petite body built with just enough baby fat to make her intoxicatingly fuckable (I always got a kick out of her questionably-nubile, girl scout-like moans whenever she was rambunctiously rammed). And thank God her delectable birthday suit didn't end at her torso. A really amazing tail – smooth, soft, spongy. Like all royal jelly queens, Taija's backside looks even better when it's wet and/or oiled – the slick, shiny sheen so perfectly embellishing those springy, shape-shifting strawberry shortcakes. Your best bet to catch Taija in jiggle hindsight is watching *The Best of Taija Rae* from the *Dripping Wet* series. A couple of my faves, however, include Alex DeRenzy's *Baby Face II* (the epic orgy sequence in which Jerry Butler drills Taija's crack so fervently, her buns bubble like molten lava) and *Taboo American Style* (in which hygiene expert Frank Serrone bangs her with criminal – yet far from uncommendable – thrust).



Taija Rae

Debi Diamond

Cheap, trashy, indiscriminating, this sorority girl gone bad bumped Rachel Ryan straight off her throne of depravity. Not only is she an anal glutton with a good sense of humour, Debi sports a succulent pair of vibrating ass cheeks which would make even the most righteous vegetarian beg with tears to sink his teeth into those juicy pork chops. After our would-be carnivores, however, view the damage done to those ever-so flexible, foam-like moons beneath a



Debi Diamond

near-infinite shower of alien spunk (via four vein-laced ray guns) in Gregory Dark's *Between the Cheeks II*, they'll no doubt settle for a glazed donut.

Dana Dylan

This Irish cutie's *pièce de résistance* is perhaps best viewed in the opening sequence to John Leslie's 1988 hit amongst the enema crowd, *Night Shift Nurses*. Atop a creaky hospital bed, Joey Silvera is dogging the living daylight out of the typically soft-spoken Dylan, when Lynn Francis ever-so sluttishly commands him to "stick it up her (Dylan's) ass."



Dana Dylan in *Night Shift Nurses*

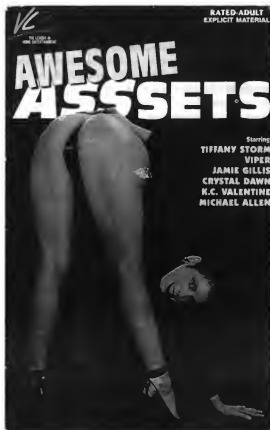
No need twisting his arm (or balls, as the case may be). Silvera shifts his thing into warp ten so fast, Dylan doesn't have time to fart. You'll get dizzy watching those patty cakes fly. A real showstopper. Dylan – her red hair slicked back, eyes devilishly shadowed with cosmetics, full red lips glistening, and gapped tooth aflashing – never looked more ravishing. And her scone cheeks have never risen and fallen to the steamy occasion with such gelatinous sprightliness. Forget about the praise lavished far too heavily on the remainder of Leslie's achievement. For my vote, Dylan's heaving pair of creamy white spankers are the true masterpieces here.

Flame

Oh what soft, fluffy buttermilk flapjacks she serves up! The reincarnation of Taija Rae with flame-red hair, this fireball's got a pair of snow white thunderbuns on her that were born to be spanked, smacked, slammed, and spewed. It glows like a beacon in the steamy (if premature) orgy scene in Gerard Damiano's *Just For the Hell of It*. When she bends over and serves up that pillowy cream dream, the blood rushes from my head to my prick so fast I see stars; then I realise they're just the freckles sprinkled like powdered sugar across those enticing hot cakes, just begging to be soaked with maple syrup.

Viper

The delightfully intemperate manner in which she inhales hose meat – be it through mouth, cunt, or crap cave – makes one think that this ex-Baltimore whore couldn't give a flying fuck if she were paid with hard cash or food stamps. And while the tattooed guttersnipe's overall body is as taut as a gymnast's, when she's down on her hams



Viper

getting plugged from behind, those hauntingly firm yet fleshy ass cheeks flap like white sheets hanging in a filthy L.A. breeze. Snap! Usually when she's slammed, her eyes slowly roll into the back of her skull as if the human syringe presently piercing her were filled with morphine instead of beetlejuice. And as you witness her push-cushions billow in a quickened frenzy, you won't have to ask anyone to pass the Cheese Whiz - it'll be sprayed all over your palm.

Mistress Tantara

One look at this vintage hussy's linguica love lips and you'll know she hasn't just been around the block a few times - she's traversed the whole freakin' galaxy. Tantara is easy to spot because of her bizarre dominatrix makeup - a sort of cross between the bride of Frankenstein and a member of Kiss (her unwieldy tongue being of equal length to Gene Simmons' and capable of wrapping itself around a cock like a slimy pink anaconda). Her side specialties include indiscreet pussy farts and snuffing out candles with the same. It's all a definite turn on to me simply because this bitch is so downright nasty. She'll fuck anything without prejudice to looks or species; gives a mean, deep-

throating, spit-drenched blow job with plenty of offensive sucking, gurgling and coughing sounds thrown in free-of-charge; and, above (or behind) all brandishes a fantastically elastic duo of abounding butt cheeks. When Tantara props up her best side, it's so big, soft and pear-shaped in the classical sense, you'll probably smash in your TV screen with your love member as you try to maniacally stuff it in. Her beautifully undulating hammocks roll and ripple with the unbridled vigour of the Atlantic ocean (which you'll probably hear if you put ear close enough). Check out Tantara in *The Hottest Show in Town*, *Daisy Chain*, and *The Rocky Porno Video Show*.

Mimi Miyagi

Mr. Teenie Weenie himself - Ed Nasty Bro' Powers - discovered this jaded gem from the timeless land of steamy sin. And with a priceless pair of won tons like Mimi's, I'd be very surprised if he didn't go through half of the Chinese mafia to nail her. Aside from reeking with gorgeosity, Mimi liquidates all stereotypes about Asian scum starlets having flat and/or bony bottoms. When she's

Mimi Miyagi in *And Executive*

flung on a bed - nose-down, face-up - those round 'n' tender pork buns bouncing in time to cock rock, it's enough to choke up any smut farmer's chicken. Not surprisingly, pale Powers spouts off three (count 'em, three) times on Mimi in *Dirty Debutantes Volume 12*. On the philanthropic side, one certainly hopes Mimi regularly dons a sponge in

her boom box - her jelly is so royal, it wouldn't be difficult for a stud to blast his gametes straight up her abdomen and out her eyeball. Here's looking at you, Mimi.

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Simon Whitechapel

Flashman's comment on the seemingly inexhaustible riches of the *Kama Sutra* – “the seventy-fourth position turns out to be the same as the seventy-third, but with your fingers crossed” – is surely going to be echoed by anyone exploring the sexual lexicon. Once you begin, you'll never stop – penis, vagina, prick, cunt, cock, quim, dong, twat, schlang, slit, fuck, screw, shag, bugger, bum, french, gamahuche, wank, frig, rim – but you are only cataloguing synonyms for a relatively small number of objects and activities, after all, aren't you? As the Good Book has it, there's nothing new under the sun. Nothing? We'll see.

THE ROOT OF THE MATTER

Headpress being, like most wickedness in life, mostly the province of the heterosexual male, the bottomless pit is probably the best place to start. Vagina and vulva are probably universals, as concepts at least, but sooner or later the clitoris and labia usually enter male consciousness in one way or another. The latter comes in twos, the labia majora and labia minora, or the 'lips greater' and the 'lips lesser'. However, the labia minora also go under the name of the *nymphae*, or nymphs. Possibly this is from the fact that nymph can also mean 'bride', and personal acquaintance with the labia minora would only be made by a male after marriage in the good old days; the pioneering

sexologist and urine-fetishist Havelock Ellis indulges in a bit of wishful thinking in his monumental *Studies in the Psychology of Sex* and suggests that they are named for water-nymphs, because they can be used to direct the urine stream in what was, to him, a sexually interesting manner.

Connected with the labia in the most literal sense is the membrane whose possession, like the shrink-wrap on jars of jam, traditionally guaranteed no previous mileage. It does have a native English name, the 'maidenhead', but is more usually known as the hymen, from the greek for veil or membrane. Despite thousands of years of patriarchal tradition, hymens can break before intercourse and can survive it, and a girl doesn't even have to risk hers to have a good time: French has a special term, the *demi-vierge* ('half-virgin'), to describe a sexually active woman who is still physiologically a virgin. And even if you've lost yours but still need to simulate its bloody ruin, there are ways and means: Fanny Hill gets by with some groaning and a piece of broken glass, and a dried ball of lamb's blood placed in the vagina before sex was apparently just the thing' in sixteenth-century Holland.

And even when the hymen does go, it doesn't go entirely: it leaves a “fringe of tissue around the vaginal aperture” which rejoices in the name of the *carunculae myrtiliformes* or “myrtle-berry-like little pieces of flesh.”

Patriarchy's lust for control of the female sex organs (or *pudendum muliebre*) hasn't, unfortunately, stopped at wanting to be able to map them in minute detail or produce offspring from them at will. Clitoridectomy is the long word describing the short and brutal operation of cutting out the clitoris, once common in the West as a “cure” for female masturbation when one arm of the Judaeo-Christian Tradition PLC still had sway over the hearts and minds of doctors and educators, still common where another arm of Judaeo-Christian Tradition PLC, Islam, exercises power in the Middle East and Africa, where it is part of what is known as ‘female circumcision’. Worth bearing in mind whenever anyone claims Islam improves the lot of women, female circumcision can involve the literal scraping away of the clitoris and labia of a female baby or child with the lid of a tin-can or piece of broken glass. Without anaesthetic.

Another patriarchal practice, infibulation, proves that monotheism doesn't have all the worst tunes. Forget chastity belts: pagan Rome used to keep the slave population in check by bolting fibulae (claps or buckles) into the labia of female slaves. Without the slave-owner's say-so, what was beyond was kept under literal lock and key. For male slaves, of course, pagan Rome sometimes had more permanent means of fertility control.

Which brings the survey to the male side of things. Less complicated than their female equivalent, at least on the surface, the male genitals too have their moments from the lexical point of view. Like the hymen, the ‘leash’ on the underside of the head of the penis, holding the foreskin in place, has a native name, the ‘g-string’, but that lacks the

romance of its medical name, the *froenum* or 'rein'. I don't know of any native name for the raised line of skin dividing the scrotum in two halves, but medical dictionaries haven't overlooked it: the raphe (Greek for 'seam' or 'suture').

Pagan Rome, as mentioned above, took an interest not only in her female slaves' genitals: 'castration' and 'eunuch', as terms and concepts, come down to us directly from the classical world. Something of the richness of the culture surrounding the words has, fortunately, been lost en route. There were four types of eunuch in ancient Rome: the *thlasia*, retaining both penis and testicles but with the spermatic cord cut; the *thlibia*, retaining both penis and testicles but having the latter rendered useless by crushing; the *spado*, lacking testicles but retaining the penis; and the *castratus*, lacking both testicles and penis. Eunuchs still in possession of a penis didn't always want for other compensations: their ability to sustain an exceptionally long-lasting erection, because of their inability to ejaculate, made them the partner of choice of many free-born Roman women. For such women, sex with a eunuch also had the great advantage of presenting no threat whatsoever to the figure.

PUTTING IT ALL INTO PRACTICE

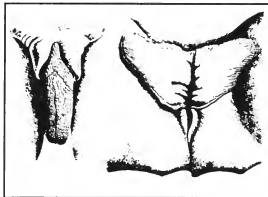
And avoiding the consequences is what a lot of sex, of the hetero variety throughout history, more recently also of the homo variety, comes down to. Coitus is the technical or literary term for the penetrative sex act. Coitus interruptus is a fairly widely known term for a fairly widespread and fairly successful means of contraception. It is, however, only the beginning. The full list of coitus, contraceptive and otherwise, is probably a lot longer than this, but this is enough to be going on with: *coitus a tergo*, *coitus a posteriori*, *coitus a retro*, *coitus in axilla*, *coitus in ore vulvae*, *coitus inter crura*, *coitus inter mammas*, *coitus obstructus*, *coitus per anum*, *coitus per vaginam*, *coitus prolongatus*, *coitus reservatus*, *coitus saxonicus*, *coitus sublimatus*.

Some of them, like *coitus per anum* and *coitus per vaginam*, are simply sanitized ways of referring to the brute facts, in this case those of anal and vaginal sex. *Coitus a tergo/posteriori/retro* is simply vaginal sex from behind; *coitus axilla* is an elegant way of describing what can be done with a penis, an armpit and a bit of imagination; *coitus inter mammas* is ditto but reading 'breast-cleavage' for 'armpit'; *coitus in ore vulvae* is sex in which the penis is worked between the labia, avoiding vaginal penetration; *coitus inter crura*, or 'sex between the legs', was Denis Nilsen's way of getting to know the fresh corpse of one young man better; *coitus obstructus* is a cover-all term for sex with a barrier contraceptive (condom, Dutch cap etc.); *coitus reservatus*, aka *karezza*, is contraception avoiding ejaculation altogether; *coitus saxonicus* is a potentially dangerous form of contraception allowing ejaculation but diverting it into the bladder by firm fingertip pressure on the perineum; finally, *coitus prolongatus* and *coitus subtilis*

are practices in sexual mysticism involving a heightening of sensation by delaying or avoiding orgasm.

A lot can go on in the meantime, of course. Sodomy has a precise technical meaning nowadays, but in the past it covered a multitude of sins, amongst them many techniques of sexual foreplay. Cunnilinctus has plenty of colloquial synonyms, like *fellatio*, which also has the classically derived *irrumation* and *penilinctus*. Licking of the arsehole, as a sexual activity, can be either 'rimming' or *anilinctus*, licking of the armpit, as a sexual activity, has, as far as I know, only *axillilinctus* to describe it. Inserting a finger into the anus, however, can be described either by *postilion* or *siphianize*, though the latter can also be a synonym for 'bugger' – both meanings are derived from the sexual adventurousness attributed to the inhabitants of the island of Siphnos.

Away from what's done, those who do it have attracted countless labels. Hindu sexology divides each side of the human race, male and female, into four classes, with each particular male class corresponding to a particular female class. A flavour of the system can be given by the



definition of the female class known as the *hastini*, or 'elephant-woman': a woman who particularly enjoys manual stimulation of the clitoris, has a large vagina, vaginal secretions that taste of the tears of an elephant in spring, and is fondest of sex in a mountain setting.

Western sexology possesses the same urge to classification but has been indulging it for a couple of thousand years less: serious study of sex began only in the West towards the end of the nineteenth century with studies by psychologists like Richard Freiherr von Krafft-Ebbing (1840–1902) and Dr. Magnus Hirschfield (1868–1934). One of their principal interests was homosexuality (in Hirschfield's case mostly because he was a homosexual), and their efforts to give homosexuals and homosexuality a neutral, scientific label ranged from the succinct *Urnig* (ultimately from the Greek *ouranios* or 'heavenly', which was how Plato characterized homo-sex, in contrast to mundane, child-getting hetero-sex), to the perhaps appropriately tongue-twisting Latin of *anima muliebre in corpore virili* (loosely translatable as 'a woman's mind in a

man's body').

The later label is also an example of a psycho-sexual attempt to explain the sin-perversion-aberration-alternative of homosexuality. There have been many attempts to 'explain' homosexuality scientifically, ranging from sociobiologists seeking to demonstrate some evolutionary advantage from its practice to geneticists claiming sexual-orientation-linked differences in the size of the hippocampus (reportedly relatively smaller in women, relatively larger in heterosexual males, relatively in-between in homo males: where lesbians fit in either hasn't been reported or hasn't been investigated). Sir Richard Burton put homosexuality down to the weather, postulating a so-called Sotadic Zone in his infamous *Paederasty* appendix to *The Thousand Nights and a Night*. In this zone, which included the Mediterranean region, the Middle East, and the South Seas, Burton theorized that increased temperature led to inflammation of the nerves of the male sexual organs, resulting in unhealthy inflamed sexual desires that could not be satisfied in the usual way. The inhabitants of the temperate regions of the earth, on the other hand, were not subject to the same tendencies, but were presumably to beware when entering sub-tropical and tropical regions (in which Burton, perhaps significantly, spent much of his life).

Traditionally, of course, homosexuality was simply a sin. The passage in Genesis 19 drawn upon to justify Christianity's often murderous attitude to the practice and its practitioners

And they called unto Lot . . . "Where are the men which came in to thee this night? Bring them out unto us, that we may know them" . . . Lot went out . . . and said, "Behold now, I have two daughters which have not known men . . . do ye to them as is good in your eyes" . . . then the Lord rained upon Sodom . . . fire and brimstone.

has various interpretations but does seem pretty unambiguously to suggest that any form of heterosexual activity, consensual or not, is to be preferred to homosexuality, simply because homosexuality does not produce offspring (Catholicism's greatest philosopher, Thomas Aquinas, believed masturbation was a worse sin than rape, because rape might at least result in a pregnancy). The Bible, like Queen Victoria ("What do they do?"), doesn't seem to believe in lesbianism. The term itself is derived from the name of the Greek island of Lesbos, traditionally freer and easier in its sexual attitudes than the mainland and also the birthplace of the poetess Sappho, who practised a kind of 6th century BC political (and perhaps also sexual) female separatism, and who has given her name to a literary synonym for lesbianism, 'sapphism'.

Because lesbians have generally escaped the notice of patriarchy, they miss the richness of the vocabulary, derogatory and otherwise, applied to their male counterparts: 'dyke', the Australian joke-term 'chemise-

lifter' (on the analogy of 'shirt-lifter', presumably), 'daughter of Bilitis' (from the poet Pierre Louy's lesbian themed *Les Chansons de Bilitis*) and 'sapphist' (from the previously mentioned 'sapphism') pretty much exhaust the field.

Or perhaps not entirely. Most invisible in the Judeo-Christian tradition, lesbianism, as the name itself suggests, was known and named in the ancient world. And named more than once: the Greek 'tribade' is still available in English as a literary synonym for the noun 'lesbian'. Derived from a Greek word meaning 'to rub', it identifies one of the principal lesbian modes of sexual congress: that in which the genitals of one or both partners are rubbed against the body (or genitals) of the other, sometimes from behind. The dorsal variant of tribadism is the source of one of the rare slang terms to view sex from an exclusively female point of view. 'Lying spoons' describes a sex act in which one lesbian partner is clasped from behind by the other, with the buttocks of the first fitting into the lap of the second and providing the surface against which the genital rubbing takes place.



A practitioner of lesbian rubbing sex can also be known as a 'fricatix', a Latin loan-translation of the Greek word, but rubbing is not the end of the story. Perhaps because males have generally shared Queen Victoria's doubts about the possibilities of lesbianism, dildos have always loomed large in male conceptions of lesbian sex, and indeed, they often have significant parts to fill. However, these are not necessarily as direct penis substitutes, though one dildo synonym, succedaneum (literally 'substitute'), does seem to assume that this is the case. Other synonyms are not so phallogocentric in outlook: diletto is simply the Italian for 'delight'; passatempo is ditto for 'pass-time'; embolon is Greek for 'bolt' or 'bar'; olisbos is ditto but of uncertain derivation, like the French *godemiche*. Another classical synonym, penis succedaneus ('substitute penis'), returns matters to the phallus, though it does form half of a pair with cunnus succedaneus (or 'substitute cunt'), which can also be known as a merkin, which has the alternate meaning of a 'female pubic wig'.

Dildos are not the only means of improving on the penis, however: people have often found it interesting to add something to the real thing to heighten the sensations of penetration. Queen Victoria's stiffly correct consort gave his name to the Prince Albert, a ring passing through a piercing in the head of the penis, almost certainly not because he actually wore one of these but because he used a free-fitting ring to keep his penis from straying from position when he was wearing tight trousers. The 'Chinese hedgehog' is the name for a ring, often of silver and often fitted with feathers, designed to slip over the erect penis for heightened pleasure; an *ainpallang* is a rod fitting through a penis piercing, originally amongst the island races of Oceania, where the piercing itself could form part of adolescent male initiation rites. Hindu sexology supplies the generic term *apradraya*, used for any device designed to increase the length or girth of the penis.

Artificial aids for the vagina are, on the other hand, almost unknown, mostly because the tightness of the vagina, unlike the size of the penis, is or can be under conscious muscular control. Belly-dancing is often seen in the West as an erotic art-form: in fact, it can be seen as going beyond art to being a form of sexual exercise, training women in the rhythm and coordination of pelvic thrusting and believed to have been especially useful for concubines of dissipated Eastern rulers who were to fat or idle to supply their own thrusts. *Kabbazah* is an Arabic term for a special technique in which otherwise motionless sex is controlled entirely by willed movement of the vaginal muscles. Hindu sexology trains its female practitioners in a technique known as *bhaga asana*, in which the penis is 'locked' into the vagina for prolonged periods as a means of heightening pleasure (and hence, the chances of success in the practice of sexual mysticism or magic). There's also a special term, the *penis captivus*, for the involuntary vaginal lock sometimes applied to the penis when the female partner is startled or upset during sex, most often seen in dogs but occasionally providing great embarrassment and difficulty to human beings (medical intervention sometimes being necessary).

KINKS, PERVERSIONS AND RELIGION

In the early days of life outside the shell, goslings and other baby birds go through a period known as 'imprinting' whereby some object comes to be identified as 'mother', this can in fact be their mother, or it can be a human being or member of some other non-avian species, or even an inanimate object like a glove puppet. Imprinting, or a variation on it, also plays its part in the sex lives of human beings like baby birds, sexually experimenting adolescents generally come to identify with what is right and proper but, again like baby birds, they can come to identify with things that usually aren't regarded as right and proper. This is one way, at least, of explaining the human predisposition towards what Freud famously called 'polymorphous perversity'.

Almost any conceivable object or situation can become the focus of an individual's sexual interest, though of course the boundaries between normal sex and slightly kinky turn-on and a fetish and a perversion aren't fixed and can vary hugely from period to period and culture to culture. Catholic missionaries to China found foot fantasies looming very large in the sexual confessions of their native converts; men in 1990s Britain are sent to prison and have boiling cocoa poured over them for practising a form of sex (paederasty) that wasn't merely accepted in the classical world but regarded as the highest form of sexual love; in the Hindu mystical system of Tantra, penetration of the vagina of one's mother (the 'matriyone') is seen as a particular potent form of sex magic. Big bad perversions like incest haven't always and everywhere been seen as such: brother-sister marriage was enjoyed in the royal families of ancient Egypt by no less than the gods themselves.

Almost all cultures and periods do, however, agree that certain forms of sexual practice are deviant. The *renfleur* (French for 'sniffer'), who gains gratification from lavatorial smells, would probably have been looked at askance no matter when or where he practised. Even more would this have been true of a special sub-class of this type, the *spongeur* (or 'sponger'), who delights in soaking urine spilled in a urinal or lavatory into a small piece of sponge and then carrying the sponge away for masturbation at leisure. The coprophage ('shit-eater') and uropote (piss-drinker) carry these practices to their logical extremes, though not all shit-eating and piss-drinking is necessarily carried out with sexual ends in mind: Indian Ayurvedic medicine recommends a daily dose of one's own urine as a tonic, and tasting of shit and piss was once a valuable part of medical diagnosis (a certain form of lead poisoning apparently turns the urine sweet, as does a certain form of diabetes). Usually though, and certainly nowadays in the West, letting these substances pass your lips is almost certainly for pleasure rather than business. Whether they are consumed direct at source or obtained indirectly (by stealing of a full chamberpot, for example) varies according to taste.

Two other ingestive perversions are generally practised at source. Menopotism is the drinking of menstrual blood, generally direct from the vagina, though one recorded practitioner used to hire menstruating prostitutes and dip biscuits in their flux; gynogalactotism is the drinking of human milk: this latter, and related perversions, are clustered thickly enough around pregnancy and pregnant and nursing women to warrant the devotion of at least one pornographic magazine to them in America.

But all these perversions can be seen as being in some way developments of mainstream sexual interests, in that they centre on the by-products of sexual or quasi-sexual organs. Foot fetishism and its associated philias (eg podosomophilia, or a sexual interest in foot odours) are purer perversions in that they give sexual importance to what are, generally speaking, only indirectly sexual things. Something

similar is true of fetishes associated with head hair, which were common enough at the turn of the century for both French and German to invent terms for some of their practitioners: *coupeur des nattes* ('cutter of plaits') and *zopfabschneider* ('hair-off-cutter'). These terms referred to hair-fetishists who would arm themselves with scissors or knives and then sally forth to the streets and other public places to cut or snip off pieces of hair from unsuspecting females, presumably from behind. The hair was then either simply gloated over in private or, like the urine-soaked sponges of the *épougeurs*, used as an *aide masturbatoire*.

This relatively harmless group of perverts shared the need for sharp objects with another group with quite different intentions. The German *stecher* ('stabber') and the French *piqueur* ('pricker') obtained their gratification by attacks in public on women's buttocks with some sharp object (a knife, pin, sharpened umbrella point etc). This does seem to be a peculiar old-fashioned perversion: its decline (and disappearance?) probably has a great deal to do with the changes in women's clothing, which neither emphasize the buttocks to the late Victorian and Edwardian extent nor stop the wearer taking swift evasive or retaliatory action when under attack. Rare modern instances have generally been adapted to modern conditions, with air-pistols or acid-squirting used to put greater distance between buttock and buttock fancier, thus increasing the chances of a clean getaway.

Frottage, on the other hand, has survived the passage of time in its age-old form. As practised in such places as the London underground during rush hour or crowded Wimbledon outside courts, it involves the rubbing of one's body, in general, or one's genitals, in particular, against the body of another person. For some, the thrill is provided specifically by the feel of the other's *clothed* body; for others, clothing is probably a secondary or very minor consideration.

In frottage, the pervert relies on the mass and inertia of the crowd to render his victim helpless, more red-blooded tastes do not have to, and sometimes cannot, rely on such assistance. The *chaise percée* ('pierced chair') is a device that has been employed by the decadent sadist for centuries. In appearance it can be an ordinary-looking chair, once sat upon by one's intended victim, however, her or his weight

may trigger the release of clamps that lock around the legs and arms. The underside of the seat then folds away to reveal the hole that gave the device its name and the now highly vulnerable seat of the victim's skirt, trousers etc. A variant name of the device – the 'Chinese raping stool' – reveals both what may then happen and where, during a decadent imperial past, it often did.

But *chaise percée* itself has another meaning. Someone familiar with the High Priestess card that forms part of the Tarot may also know an older name for the card – la Papesse ('the female Pope') – and the story behind it. Briefly, this is that a woman called Joan once passed herself off as a man to enter Roman Catholic priesthood, and achieved such renown for learning and piety that she was eventually elected Pope. Her subterfuge was discovered after she had a secret affair with a cardinal, got pregnant, gave premature birth during a papal procession and was lynched by the horrified crowd. To guard against further male impersonators ascending to the throne of St Peter, the medieval church reportedly adopted the practice of having a papal candidate sit stripped from the waist down on a hole atop a hollow platform (i.e. on a *chaise percée*). His credentials were then examined by the cardinals passing in procession beneath, and on these proving satisfactory the Latin formula *testiculos habet et bene pendentes* ('testicles he has, and well-hanging ones') was pronounced, enabling the candidate to run for the pontificate.

Other phrases associated with sex in Christian history do not as a rule have positive meanings: St Augustine's *inter facces et urinum nascimur* ('we are born between faeces and urine') and the medieval theologian's definition of a woman, *templum acedificatum super cloacum* ('a temple built above a sewer'), are good examples of the diseased and misogynist mainstream Christian attitude. Islam, though firmly in the same sex- and woman-hating tradition, did break away from it to the extent of adding interesting additional pleasures to its propaganda for the afterlife. The gazelle-eye female *houris* devoted for all eternity to the sexual pleasure of the faithful are joined in some traditions by male *wuldans* (or *ghilmans*), attractive youths who will service those of the faithful indifferent to, or temporarily satiated with, the charms of the *houris*.

Paganism has generally concentrated on pleasures in this life rather than the next and has, of course, been far more open and tolerant of sex and monotheism. In Hinduism, for example, the central image in the worship of the god Shiva is a stylized representation of an erect penis in a dilated vagina – the so-called Shivalingam: the word 'lingam' (Sanskrit for 'phallus') is in fact a common element in Tamil personal names. In Greek and Roman worship, there was actual deification of the penis, both indirectly in the form of the enormously well-endowed dwarf-gods Priapus and Caeculus ('little blind one'), and indirectly in the god Phallos (or Phallus). Priapus had an entire genre of obscene songs and poetry, the *priapeia*, devoted to him, and his image, painted, moulded or sculpted, was widely used in



the ancient world for good luck. The Roman god Tutanus was worshipped in the form of a giant stone phallus that was sometimes put to literal sexual use: it was once the custom for brides to undergo a ritual defecation on the phallus, suitably lubricated with oil, before their wedding night.

The vagina was also worshipped at sacred caves and rock-clefts, often surrounded by groves that were perhaps symbolic of pubic hair (Christians would later label such sites *cunni diaboli* or 'cunts of the devil'), and the Greek goddess Klete has been suggested as a deification of the clitoris, worshipped in the form of suitably shaped rocks at various sites in the ancient world.

The Greek goddess Artemis was not a deification of a sexual organ but her worship probably involved sexual practices. A superficial reading of her title of 'Virgin Goddess' might find this paradoxical; in fact, the Greek word *parthenos*, most often translated into English as 'virgin', like the Latin *virgo*, did not necessarily imply a physiological virginity, simply that the woman who bore it was sexually independent of men, which might mean that she practised chastity, or lesbianism, or had sex with men but did not acknowledge that they had authority over her. In her aspect as Orthia ('The Upright One'), in fact, Artemis may have exercised a very strict authority over males. Part of the Spartan fertility rites held in her honour may have involved youths being bound with willow-thongs to pear-wood images and flogged until the pain induced ejaculation, thus fertilizing the earth with semen as well as blood. The Marquis de Sade, greatest of all perverts, would doubtless have approved.



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LAST ISSUE'S
COMPETITION
results

Are you one of the lucky ones?

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Self-Abused but still standing

Andrew Darlington

My teenage years were warped, I admit. My teenage years were twisted, I confess. At one point I was convinced the whole street was on drugs, and I was the only one not in on the secret. But more than that, I was subject to sexual doubts, dark disturbing sexual doubts. The 1950s were bleeding into the Sixties, the moral revolution was yet to come, and I was experiencing erections in the communal showers after games. What did THAT mean?

But there was a worse dread to come. I was haunted by guilt over . . . masturbation. I was doing it so much and couldn't fight the addiction. I was destroying my metabolism by abnormally intense bouts of self-abuse. And I couldn't stop. Truth to tell, in an often frightening world of contradictory and confusing sexual mores there's reassuring certainty in the blunt insistent singularity of taking matters into your own hand.

Britain's sharpest Science Fantasist Brian Aldiss commiserates: "People pretend to be so enlightened about sex these days, they talk happily about copulation and such

subjects, about adultery and homosexuality and lesbianism and abortions. Never about masturbation though. And yet masturbation is the commonest form of sex, and tossing off the cheapest and most harmless pleasure." Of course I wasn't able to read those lines TIT-N, because he didn't write his excellent *A Hand-Reared Boy* until 1970. But, like the similarly pubertal Philip Roth, I lived in a "world of matted handkerchiefs and crumpled kleenex and stained pyjamas," endlessly coaxing a "raw and swollen penis" to renewed effort.

Emotional release, it seems, comes in spurts.

We used to call such hand-relief 'fetching come', while Aldiss calls it 'flapping yourself'. My first experience of the 'solitary vice' occurred when a boy a few school-years older than myself lured me into his front-room while I was on my paper-round and his parents were out. He paid me a shiny new two-shilling coin to do it to him. I was fascinated, numb with a kind of sweaty weirdness I'd not experienced before. Like I was part of something seismically and mystically significant that I didn't quite understand. Inevitably I began my own furtive exploration of my own quivering genitalia. Later I practised with a friend, dropping all pretence along with our trousers.

I sometimes wonder how my breathless and sticky-fingered co-wankers look back at those mutual incidents now from the benefit of maturity. Whether burgeoning heterosexual conformity creates deliberate censorial erasure of the memories, or if they still derive a secretive warm glow in the boxer shorts, and a slight embarrassing stiffness at awkward moments of recall. In his quasi-autobiographical novel, Brian Aldiss vividly details his formative forays into 'bashing the bishop', and the complex codes of chivalry extant at his boarding school that

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determines who should be jerked off by whom. A rota that leaves no groin unmolested. We did it to each other until our techniques were perfected, closely examining each other's states of arousal before, after, and during those breath-catching trembles of climax – purely from the point of view of investigative enquiry. We went further. It seemed like a perfectly natural extension of the programme, and we 69-ed as fully interlocking as Lego bricks.

But I was rehearsing in my own time too, 'white-washing the sheets' above and beyond the call of duty. Every night the gravitational pull of my crotch proved irresistible, my head stormed with uncontrollably incendiary images. Jack Rosenthal's TV schoolboy went to bed wearing boxing gloves to make 'pulling the yo-yo' impossible, but wound up doing it anyway. You can't argue with a red-hot hard-on.

It might be absolutely the safest form of safe sex, but masturbation has been subjected to bad press since the earliest tremors of civilisation, and ultimately the onanist is always alone. At times I imagined there was only the three of us doing it in our separate time-frames and isolated island universes. Me, Brian Aldiss, and the man who wrote the original hand-job handbook, Philip Roth. In *Portnoy's Complaint* Roth's addiction doomed him to "half my waking life spent locked behind the bathroom door, firing my wad down the toilet bowl, or into the soiled clothes in the laundry hamper, or splat, up against the medicine-chest mirror, before which I stood in my dropped drawers so I could see how it looked coming out. Or else I was doubled over my flying fist, eyes pressed closed but mouth wide open, to take that sticky sauce of buttermilk and clorox on my tongue and teeth."

But on a nightly basis, uninvited, resisted, fought-against, but uncontrollable came the invasion of images fuelling the fires down below, the groin-strain that yearned to be quenched. Envisioning the nude boy I'd watched up against the cold tiles in the showers after the cross-country, the ginger-headed boy with freckles and soft auburn pubic hair running glistening-wet, feeling him by proxy as my digital stimulation began its slow cool crawl. Feeling his fingers on me as the tempo accelerates, coming together across my stomach, that stifling the sounds so no-one else will hear.

Then the recriminations. Wondering, like the 13-year-old

Roth, "when will I begin to come blood?"

It exacerbated my acne like the mark of the beast, and everybody who saw that dread facial rash knew exactly what I'd been doing, sniggering behind their hands. Contact with so much seminal ejaculate would cause hair to grow on the palms of my hands werewolf style. My spine would dehydrate from loss of fluid. It would crumble to flakes of dust leaving me invertebrate like some grotesquely obscene amoebic blob. I found an old medical textbook in the Library with a line-drawing of a hideously atrophied male genitalia, and it said 'The Effects of Excessive Self-Abuse' I was convinced that by age 16 I'D LOOK LIKE THAT! But I was certain that I was doing it so frequently that long before then I'D RUN OUT OF SEMEN, drained infertile and sexually barren before I'd even hit the age of consent. Such was to be the bitterness of my terrible self-inflicted destiny.

It is said that 140 million sperms are released at each ejaculation, and that each sperm is a potential human life. Which means that each jack-off massacres more potential lives than Hitler, Stalin, and Attila the Hun put together.


It scared me rigid.

But perhaps I wouldn't have worried quite so much if I'd known that a million Philip Roth's were out there, all thinking "if only I could cut down to one hand-job a day, or hold the line at two, or even three . . ."

Sex with a partner always involves an element of sharing; that's the nature of the experience. But masturbation – onanism, self-abuse, jacking-off – is pure sensual self-indulgence with no-one's orgasm to consider but your own. It's an instant gratification without all the messy double-guessings and awkward mood-matches of seducing a partner. It's comforting. Recreational. Therapeutic. In his short story *The Immortals*, Martin Amis "teased out a lone hand-job for an entire summer."

And if it's supposed to be a phase you grow out of, then I'm still 18. What was it Paul Simon said? – still standing after all those years. I grew out of teenage trauma and adolescent angst, sure, but now I'm hung up in midlife crisis and male menopause. And ever a slave to the five-finger shuffle.

Self-abused, but still standing.



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PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S FATHER

"No matter how great or small, rich or poor, righteous or corrupt you are, your shit stinks. We all must deal with the Stinking Ass."

EXPLOITING THE GLORY-HOLE

AN INTERVIEW WITH STEVEN E. JOHNSON APACHE WITH AN ATTITUDE

David Slater

Steven E. Johnson is an artist. Not your ordinary aesthetically correct artist producing redundant landscapes, prosaic still lifes, or delicately posed nudes. Johnson's work demolishes virtuosity with the undignified power of a wrecker's ball slamming through the façade of a stately home.

His latest collection of paintings is an assembly of landscapes of parted buttocks, still lifes of genitalia penetrating or threatening to penetrate, and naked people whose bodies appear mottled, diseased, breaking down. The illustrations are consolidated by explicit attention to a certain area of the human anatomy: the unmentionable anus. From each work of art the asshole winks like a screwed-up eye. The collective title for his as-yet-unpublished work: *My Stinking Ass*.

Perhaps the title is somewhat self-censorious as few publishers will even dare look at the work residing under such a base appellation. Perhaps the title is a crude warning as to what lies between the covers of this painted sketchbook. Whatever the case, there is no doubting Johnson's talent as an artist. His work frequently appears in publications like *High Society*, *Honcho*, *Full Metal Corset*, *Play City*, *Screw*, to name but a few. Accolades come from such reliable authorities as William Burroughs, Anton

LaVey and H R Giger, all of whom possess some of Johnson's original works.

In some cases his paintings destroy or even humiliate established icons, a deliberate assault on American kitsch culture. For instance Marilyn Monroe, lips parted, eyes partially closed, is attached to spread buttocks by a nasal tube connecting nostril to anus. Another work focuses on anti-icon Dahmer. The painting is a pastiche of erections and asses surrounding a facsimile of Dahmer's face, the title – *I Want to Fuck Jeffrey Dahmer*.

Johnson's genes are as mixed as the media on his canvasses. Being a half American Indian his blood is a composite of Cherokee, Navajo and Mescalero Apache. He was unaware of his heterogeneity for several years, believing instead that he was part Mexican. A myth attributed to his parents who reasoned a half-Indian would have less of a fair chance at life in American society.

His interest in art lured him to art school where, as a student, he discovered resistance against originality and autonomy. One typical patriotic assignment designated by the school authorities was to illustrate either the 23rd anniversary of the Super Bowl or a similar commemoration of the all-American Barbie doll. Most artists would contemplate suicide as a preferable choice but Johnson swallowed his pride and tackled the routine assignment immediately eliminating the Super Bowl challenge due to his loathing towards football he went in search of Barbie

Purchasing a doll at K-Mart he ventured to a local food store and ordered a birthday cake emblazoned with the message 'Happy Birthday Barbie' in neatly squeezed icing. After lacking off Barbie's dainty head and posing the remains with the cake, he presented his offering under the title 'The Satanic Sacrifice of the Virgin Barbie and the Desecration of the Blue-Eyed Blond Myth'

HEADPRESS: Tell us something about your days at art school.

STEVEN JOHNSON: Art school is where I built up my tolerance for opposition. Art schools don't and *can't* teach you how to be an artist, they teach technique and formulas and are only about making money for the school. I went to three schools, one in Oregon and two in California. I always tried to challenge myself with the assignments no matter how stupid or mindless they were. I rarely received 'A's because I knew what it was that I wanted to do and say with my work; that was always in conflict with the instructors intentions for the assignments.

One instructor at my first school tried to expel me because he felt my work was undermining his position, and my doing whatever the fuck I wanted influenced other students to do the same. One day he told me to tone down the eccentricity of my work, do the assignments right, and to dress in nice clothes for class or face expulsion. I was wearing torn jeans for class because I liked to. He offered to buy me a new pair of pants if I couldn't afford them. Being a Los Angeles Art Center graduate I guess he was used to the suit and ties.



MARILYN

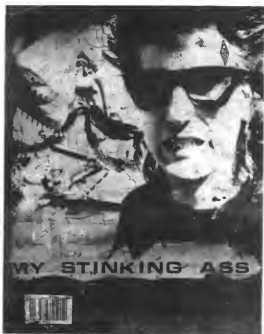
The last assignment he gave the class was on the history of advertising. We were supposed to write a paper on the history of sex as a tool to sell to the public. I refused to write the paper. I hate the fact that people are subjugated and manipulated by sexual desires as well as sexual feelings of inadequacy. What do products have to do with sex? I was into doing my artwork, not in learning how to use it to trick people.

The worst aspect of life in America, worse than anything else because you can't and won't escape it, is Advertising. We never escape the slogans, commercials, plea's for you to buy things you have no use for, subtle threats, basic propaganda telling you how to live, simple intimidation, coercion, intrusion in all its basic terrorism. I am interested in turning some of that around and exposing reality in my work now, but back then I just wanted to learn to paint. I wrote a letter explaining why I chose not to write the paper and that if I was expelled I would fight it and take it to the state board of education. Two days later the instructor resigned because he couldn't get the school board to agree with him about my being dismissed.

Did the other schools display a similar intolerance?

I tried Fine Art school for a year and got a different type of resistance. Basically this school was against any sort of figurative art and they were interested in teaching students rhetoric about painting. It's the new 'Old School' of painting that believes there is no real reason to do figurative art after Picasso's cubism, don't try to represent reality in space, it's just a two-dimensional surface. Do not try to insult your viewer. I refuse to believe that abstract painting is the only conclusion painting has reached and that turning back to figurative art is just illustration. Picasso turned back and no one said anything, but when Jackson Pollack turned back, art critics said his career was over. It's not that simple, look what Francis Bacon did, totally original. I didn't feel like spending my borrowed money so I could intellectualize on what is great art and what is mere illusionistic illustration. I didn't want *anyone* to tell me what I should think, I just wanted to paint and draw. I decided to try one more school and transferred to the Academy of Art College in San Francisco.

I knew they stressed drawing skills and painting ability. I also knew I would get some hostility because of my choices of subject matter. I felt I could be working on my art without someone over my shoulder trying to tell me if this painting is valid in the context of art history. I didn't realize how much trouble doing what I wanted with my work would cause. In the middle of my first semester I had to submit my portfolio. I basically got a machine-gun round of fire. I was told to lay off the H. R. Giger influence and discover Van Gogh. I got comments like "You don't have to show blood to convey death." I was trying to convey violence, everyday violence that happens in real life. I did convey this and they couldn't stand it. My favourite quote

Cover of *MY STINKING ASS*

was, "Your abilities are there but your taste is not" which should have said your abilities are there but *our* taste isn't.

For two years at every moment in most of my classes, teachers kept telling me to tone it down, be subtle, there is sophistication in being subtle. I wasn't interested in using subtlety to convey harsh realities. People like to down play the horrible things in life, make them into something they're not. I was simply trying to create art that speaks about reality, and usually the realities that people in a polite society won't deal with in a public forum. The realities include violence, sex, murder, bodily functions, the realities we only deal with when it affects us personally, in uncomfortable ways, and sometimes *not even then*. I left the school after two years and I was two semesters away from graduation. I decided if I was going to be harassed, it should be in the real world where it mattered.

Where your ideas and work as extreme then as they are now?

Yes they were. I got a lot of strength to continue because of all this heavy opposition from all around me. It built up my immunity and I never got so much attention with a piece of art. I felt like I was hitting some sort of nerve in people. I don't feel the way I was working was complementing what it was I was trying to say. I painted everything out realistically in either oil or acrylic and this realism in the painting seemed to me very art school-like. I knew I needed a different approach that would work with the content.

Your Barbie doll's anniversary assignment as a student sounds like you were deliberately setting out to offend the establishment for conceiving such a pathetic exercise. Was that the case?

My painting *The Satanic Sacrifice of the Virgin Barbie and the Desecration of the Blue-Eyed Blond Myth* was my deliberate attack on the one-dimensionality of my instructors as well as an attack on the whole Barbie myth. Little girls are supposed to accept at an early age that Barbie is beauty for all females. That doll is the ultimate guideline for what society says is beauty and success. So I attempted to subvert this simplistic sexist doll. I showed her cut up and bleeding, decapitated and dismembered on her birthday cake. My way of blatantly ending the myth by killing it realistically. It was simply a different way of looking at a toy that is an American symbol. Many American symbols are simplistic, sexist, racist and very obvious. From have a coke and a smile, to baseball, to apple pie, to the Chevrolet, not too much meaning behind these world famous icons.

People are so apathetic today, no one speaks out about anything unless they have some special interest group behind them telling them what to say. Simplicity in tough is encouraged, simplify all meaning and give it a name or label and forget about it. Stupidity has become respected and expected. If a person or group has a different way of looking at anything it is discouraged. If you want to think in a different way you are looked upon as some sort of lunatic. I had all these people with nothing better to do passing personal judgement on me and never once did any of them ask me why I chose to cut up their precious icon. They called me sexist and exploitative, if I were female they'd probably call me a Nazi feminist. People will always come up with simple phrases, sound bites and slogans to undermine any thought you may have so they don't have to consider your opinion. It has gotten so far out of hand because universities teach one not to offend in the least, not to challenge convention or authority.

How did it affect you to discover that your parents weren't exactly honest about your origins?

I was very angry and confused. I knew I had some American Indian blood but I didn't know it was *half*. My father is full-blooded American Indian, half Navajo and half Apache. He is two shades darker than I am, I am as pale as a white horse. My grandfather is a full-blooded Apache and now I find out. It's crazy! My grandfather wasn't born on a reservation so the U.S. government won't consider him a native American, he's white. I want my tribal affiliation. I have to go through all this paper work and the government has to figure blood percentages like dogs and then they will give me a number. That is if they say I qualify to be American Indian.

My mother is white and a heavy mixture of blood from



I LOVE THE FEEL OF SENSUAL FABRIC ON MY HOT BODY

all kinds of descent but not specifically any nationality for several generations back. My purist blood is American Indian. My mother always thought my dad's side of the family were Mexican and part-Mexican, so that is what I believed. My father should have told me sooner, it's amazing he chose to tell me now. I forgive him because he wasn't told the whole story by his parents. My grandfather's parents were part of the generation that had to say they were Mexican to get work and to avoid being a ward of the state and live on a reservation in poverty. There were other problems to deal with in society too, there was a real severe hatred against American Indians. To tell your children they were Indian meant disaster. People believed Indians to be of lower intelligence, to be savage, drunks, freeloaders, murderers, rapists etc. They were basically demonized, they were the communists, witches, pagans, Satanist, criminals of their times. People didn't need or want the guilt of what American Indians went through, what they did to the Indians. They still don't.

My great uncle Bennie Johnson fought in World War II. He was stationed in Germany during and after the war. He was the recipient of a number of honours and medals. The *L.A. Times* wrote many articles about him, and now my family is telling me that one of those articles said he was a direct descendant of Geronimo the great Chiricahuas Apache leader and Bedonkohe medicine man. The Apaches were one of the fiercest warriors, 'Apache' translates to 'enemy'. They were never converted by the missionaries and they held out longest against the U.S. government. Geronimo is one of America's greatest leaders.

Does such information motivate you to delve further into your roots?

I promise you I will research this and prove it, because just the thought gives me so much inspiration. I am so proud of my heritage, far more than if I were a descendant of George Washington. The great history of America that I learned in school, like the manifest destiny that Columbus discovered America, means a lot to me, and in a very different way than for most people. I see 500 years of bullshit, including murder, rape, genocide, and decent. From viral warfare of the old west, where blankets infested with smallpox were sent to freezing natives, to the modern Navajo virus that appeared out of nowhere on the Navajo reservation just a few miles from a biological testing sight. It has been a dehumanization, segregation and destruction of a people that had every right to live in peace.

I have inherited as an American Indian artist a whole set of visual vocabulary that I can use for my art. I don't do traditional native art and that has caused a lot of disturbances in people both native and not, who would never before consider my work as something more than shocking. They look again now, and the harsh realities or violence I touch on is contemporary but also has historical context that I will push, and I have.

Recently I did a couple of paintings that I tried to exhibit at the American Indian Community House Gallery/Museum here in New York, and I couldn't. Two of the paintings were Apache Vengeance paintings (part of a new series) that are very graphic, both sexually and violently. I try to push the reality of what happened to my ancestors without painting documentaries. I try to comment in contemporary ways, and make statements of today's battlefields.

What do you think of the work of photographers like Mapplethorpe and Joel-Peter Witkin?

What happened to the Mapplethorpe exhibition has a very important meaning to me personally. I was living in Berkeley, California at the time, and I really loved the fact that a lot of the American public were stupid enough to get outraged over something most of them didn't see. Before that I was really beginning to lose faith in art, being able to affect people in a way: positively or negatively. I was about to buy into the fact that people don't want to think, they just want to be entertained. I gained a lot of strength to do new work. I had just started the *My Stinking Ass* book about that time and I don't think I would have continued it, because I felt that people would never look at art work that had to do with human experiences like shitting, or fucking. Mapplethorpe's work taught me that because the work is sexual doesn't mean that it's just pornographic and nothing more. I was totally inspired and I realized that there was so much more to the human sexual experience, even politics, and new possibilities. I even began to do research



FANTASY REALITY

on what artists in history had explored human sexuality in art. I wasn't really surprised to find out that most artists in history had a body of work that either went in that direction or started to, and of course this work was suppressed. Egon Schiele even spent time in prison for doing drawings of himself masturbating. There is a hidden history of sexually explicit art from masters that you may never see. Shit, on the other hand, is something that really hasn't been pushed in art. It is a human experience that isn't even talked about too much today. In 1959 performance artist Piero Manzoni canned his shit and put it on sale in a gallery for its weight in gold, but that was very sanitary and safe. Very few artists have ever wanted to consider shit as a subject and medium.

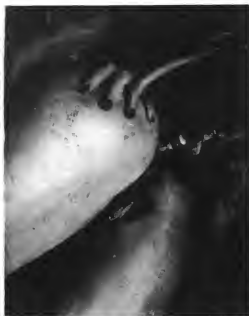
Joel-Peter Witkin's photography has a feeling of reality that I love, because he uses real unusual people and dead things that exist, weird bodies that make us feel like our own aren't that bad. There is a beauty in the ugly that he conveys very well. I don't like the 'staged' feeling his work has, so very little photography has been able to escape looking 'staged', to me this takes away from the feeling of being real. The neo-classicism bores me, the references to famous paintings or Christianity have no interest for me and seem pretentious.

Were you inspired by comic art at all?

I was never really influenced by comics. I guess when other kids were reading comics I was reading about surrealism, Dada, about Marcel Duchamp, Max Ernst, Picabia and Dalí. As a kid I went to school mostly in Arkansas and you can't get adult comics there, it's suppressed because the baptists have a real problem with sex outside procreation, and anything unusual is labelled Satanic.

"Satanic" being another label for all of society's ills . . .

We live in a society that is fast becoming a totally anti-social reality where it is becoming easier to fax than talk over the phone, it's easier to communicate to a person on the other side of the world through a personal computer than it is to say "Hi!" to your next-door-neighbour. An act of physical violence is a human communication in the most direct and desperate way. Here in America, anyone who does anything violent is labelled a lunatic and no one ever asks what that person was before they committed that act and why. I am personally lied to constantly by companies, postal workers, schools, government agencies, banks, telephone companies and people that just won't do what they are paid to do. You never seem to get the right information or enough information to finish your business. They never take responsibility for their actions and never admit to a single mistake. Try calling one of these people a liar when you have proof they lied, you may find yourself being kindly escorted out of their presence by security like a criminal. This is the society we live in now. People are



I LOVE THE FEEL OF SENSUAL FABRIC ON MY HOT BODY

fascinated with mass murderers and serial killers because they have done horrible inhuman things that they may later regret, but they don't usually deny their actions, they accept their fate, they don't try to pass the blame.

You sometimes use hair and excrement to embellish your work. Is this simply a means of literally putting yourself into the painting, like adding your own DNA to the canvas? Or is it just a different medium used for its colour and texture?

My mother tells me I first painted with my shit when I was three. It's a very natural thing to do till you are yelled at or punished, then we are told shit stinks. It is something that comes out of our own body naturally, so for a very young person it is part of exploring their body. Just watch a kid's face when he/she takes his first shit in a toilet and the toilet is then flushed, the kid will become confused, maybe even disturbed because this is his/her first creation. It is part of this child and he/she is forced to see this part of them vanish in seconds. I use shit because to me it's a product of a part of the body we have a real problem dealing with, it's a way of personally dealing with it as well as learning from others responses and actions. It is also a way to explore what has been off limits all my life.

I also love to use hair in my paintings. My ancestors used human hair a lot in their creations and it was felt that it carried a sort of spirit of where it came from, it's very Shamanistic. I like that feeling and it is sort of a way to put myself literally, blatantly into my work. Putting hair in a painting, and especially pubic hair, really brings out the

death fearing catholic paintings later in life. I couldn't understand why Dali could paint all these very explicit paintings by the 1930's standards but shit was the most taboo. Thinking about it inspired me, I couldn't see why this little ugly human requirement would threaten his career as well as his marriage. The asshole is an almost invisible part of the human body, a self-healing wound and a very powerful subject for art, both literally and metaphorically. The asshole has a lot of personal meaning for me.

Have you had any serious propositions from book companies to publish My Stinking Ass?

Recently I have had a lot of interest in the book, the introduction by William S. Burroughs and the review by David Aaron Clark have brought people to me that are considering publishing *My Stinking Ass*. I am in the waiting period

How well do you know Burroughs?

Uncle Bill? Look at the photo. We are at his home in Lawrence, Kansas. He has an original painting of nune in his collection, he has colour xeroxs from *My Stinking Ass* framed. We have corresponded for I don't know how long now. Bill trusts me enough to leave me alone at his house with all his loaded handguns lying around while he takes his cats to the vet. I know him well enough to say he is still very active and creative. We talk a lot about guns and paintings

What do you think will be My Stinking Ass's biggest drawback as far as publication and distribution is concerned, its title or its content?

I can give you a whole list of people who want to see *My Stinking Ass* published, they just don't want to make the first move. The title causes interest and suspicion but no real problem. It is the content that is the problem. Publishers are afraid distributors won't distribute the book.



William Burroughs, Steven E. Johnson & *My Stinking Ass*

They're afraid it will end up being something they will have to defend. I have had some of the most successful publishers, agents and editors in New York tell me this book should be printed, that there is no reason it couldn't be published. They just don't want to be the first to publish *My Stinking Ass*. This tells me there is a definite interest in its publication in the United States. Publishers are assuming some distributors will refuse it and that a special interest group might attack the publisher with public pressures. It all comes down to someone taking a chance, the usual question of "will it make money for us?" has not been a real big issue.

'Ass' is now legal and usable on US television. Could this be a sign of hope for your book?

I try to avoid television as much as possible but when I do watch, people are using 'ass' and 'asshole' like they are new words. People in mainstream media America are heavy television watchers. T.V. dictates and creates our culture, so I can see less of a problem with publishers.

What kind of reaction have you had to date? Has your work caused any upset amongst the easily offended?

I had a curator from a gallery visit my studio and look at *My Stinking Ass* and ask me why I hate women. A few other men have said similar things. I think the most interesting thing is I have never had a woman say anything like that. I have been in copy shops and waiting to get a few colour xeroxs from the book to send out, and the most conservative looking woman will peer over my shoulder and ask to see the book and love it. Maybe the book hits some nerve in the sexually inhibited or repressed. Men also have a real problem because of the title and they feel like it is some book with just paintings of my ass, they get real uneasy and homophobic. But then again a lot of gay and straight men find the book very interesting. Some look at the title and want to see it, and when they see that it isn't little cute drawings with humour they don't know what to think. I have never gotten an indifferent reaction or response from a viewer, the thing that pisses me off is when people skip pages. People aren't used to seeing shit and sex in a context that is more than shit or sex.

You had some problem with customs officers in Switzerland. What exactly happened?

In October '92 I went from Germany to Switzerland by train to meet with H. R. Giger at his home to show him *My Stinking Ass*. I had no problem with customs going into Switzerland but when I left the country they wanted to charge me for my own artworks. They asked me how much they were worth. I told them I wasn't there to sell or buy anything, I was visiting a fellow artist to show some paintings. I was delayed for half an hour and finally the



BEDKNOBS AND BONDAGE from *Honcho* magazine.



NEW SEXUAL FETISH

train started to pull out of the station. I do not know why the officer decided not to charge me or even look at the work. It would have been interesting to see if there would have been a problem with the content of my work.

Giger was recently in New York. Did you get together again?

He was just here for his exhibition a few days ago and I went to his opening. He was doing the most intense sculptures I have ever seen, original and convincing. I never see that in Soho New York. We met after the opening and he asked to see my new work *Sex & Violence*. He was very pleased to hear publishers were considering *My Stinking Ass*, he was worried the title would scare them off. Originally he was afraid the book would smell like shit. With *Sex & Violence* he was really into the textures, torn genitalia, colours, forms, he likes to see that people are out there doing honest and good work.

Do you sell many of your original pieces, and if so what type of person buys them?

Rich perverts love my work, that includes a biker who does custom Harley Davidson motorcycles and spends a great deal on my paintings. Also writers, and even a few people that you might think too conservative to like my paintings.

How would you describe your style?

What I like to refer to as the 'multi-media appropriation' is a method I started after I left art school in 1990. I use a little oil and acrylic and paint over images I find; these images get lost and found in layers of clear acrylic that I draw over, paint over and/or burn. Before that I was doing a lot of rendering of images in oil and acrylic and I just didn't think it was working with what I wanted to say. I was doing found object sculptures from junk at the time and people responded to them more than the paintings. Other art students liked the fully painted works, but I felt I needed to have a different approach because the work didn't convey a sense of reality that I wanted. To do a painting I would put together photographic images in a collage and then repaint it. I started feeling really stupid trying to copy a photograph, there was no real point to it. I decided gluing some of the references into the painting was a better idea. so I could manipulate it rather than copy it. I feel more creative doing it this way. I am doing a painting in the way I do sculptures, with found material. I am able to keep up with what I want to say and not have to be a slave to my technique, content is most important to me.

In America you have the First Amendment supposedly giving artists freedom of expression, yet exhibitions still get banned. How do you come to terms with such moral hysteria and authoritarian censorship?

Censorship is a problem for me in the most unpredictable ways. Something I feel might be a problem sometimes never is, a painting I feel won't cause a problem with a gallery causes trouble. One gallery will show a painting that another will never show, someone will print something five other publishers say can never be published. We are living in a time when everyone is trying to play it safe and not rock any boats whatsoever. I see so many contradictions. I can't make any sense of it all. It's as if Americans are morally crazy trying to protect everyone from any sort of upset. It is a constant political battlefield. It is always inspiring to me to have a challenge, but it is frustrating to run into people that say one thing and do another. They scream out freedom of speech for artists and that's what a magazine or gallery say they represent, but if one person has a problem with the art it's "Oh no, we cannot show that any more. Take it down!" Hypocrisy makes me sick. Many think my work is inappropriate for their gallery or magazine, that's fine, but don't lead me on about freedom of speech and how artists should be able to express themselves in any way they choose. It's freedom of expression only if they can make money.

What is the Terrorization Organization?

The Terrorization Organization is myself, myself as a visual artist. I live in a culture that is constantly being manipulated

by the advertiser. Most advertising is an effort to subjugate people with fear and sex. This is a form of terrorism that is part of everyday life whether we know it or not. I hate the fact that advertisers have always been able to use sex freely to sell their products for us to consume. Artists that have dealt with any aspect of sex in their artwork are arrested, fined, censored and denied grants for the simple fact that their work contained sexual images or references. Sex is a reality and a powerful tool and weapon, why is it primarily used for control and consumption? William Burroughs has even said "Advertising is about channelling the sexual instinct into production and purchase of consumer goods." Sometimes I am made to feel like a criminal in society because I choose to use sex in my work, so I am the



Terrorization Organization. Why should anyone ever care that my work touches on sexuality? What I am doing is out of context to my culture, and to some that is a threat. I am not a cult, I don't work for the CIA, I don't have millions of brainwashed followers. I just paint and create. I feel like I am being constantly terrorized by advertising, TV, radio, newspapers, billboards, junk mail and all the stupid slogans of commercials or pop songs, celebrities telling me they buy or do this so I should too; I can be like them. I am terrorized so I feel like a terrorist because I am constantly trying to drown out these images and sound bites when everyone else is talking about the latest record, movie, or product or celebrity. Any individual can drown in this pool

of useless information and persuasion, I try to make my own decisions and paint what I want. The modern person has too much garbage to think about. Do you ever feel like you are screaming and no one can hear you?

In December of 1990 Johnson sent examples of his work to various luminaries to procure assorted, and hopefully valued, opinions. The cover note mailed to author Stephen King sparked an unforeseen reaction.

Dear Mr King,

YOU MADE ME DO THIS!!! You made me paint this stuff, It's your fault! Your psychic warfare has got to stop.

Don't worry, lucky for you (and myself too) it keeps me sane.

I have been inspired by your work and it has influenced me to search out certain dark subversive nasty aspects of reality and translate it into ART

I know you may not have knowledge of the ART world, but you always have strong definite opinions (you know what you like).

What is your opinion of my ART work????????? you probably don't always choose your cover Artist, but I am going to do a book cover painting for "Stephen King". No matter how many times I have to send you DARK ART work, letters telling you about all my problems and counter attacks in psychic warfare.

Please don't let this letter sit and rot with other letters in some dark room in some strange town with some sick individual reading it while masturbating with a cheese grater, thank you.

Let me know about the ART.

SINcerely,

Steven E. Johnson

TERRORIZATION ORGANIZATION

P.S. Would you like me to kill that bastard that drives a monster green van around the bay area with words all over it that say for \$3.00 he will send proof you and Ronald Reagan Killed John Lennon?????

The letter not only contained examples of Johnson's artwork but also a photograph of the green van with the murder conspiracy emblazoned on its panels. The drawings themselves were of a horror style and at that time Johnson was producing work for Eclipse Comics and Marvel's Hellraiser. Commissions came in on a regular basis.

When he mailed samples of his work to King he also sent copies to Vincent Price. Price responded, offering his comments and advice. However, believing he was being targeted by some potentially dangerous crank, Stephen King put the matter in the hands of his representatives. The

resulting paranoia led to ex-FBI agents investigating Johnson.

One John Minderman visited Eclipse Comics in Forestville, California and questioned head of the company, Kat Ironwood, after showing her a duplicate of the letter Johnson had mailed to King. He asked her if she thought it may be a threat of some sort and whether anyone in the building could give a physical description of Johnson. Ironwood telephoned editor Fred Burke and he gave a detailed description of the artist to Minderman. Minderman stated that the details did not conform with those he already had of the man he sought. He went on to say that the man he was looking for drove a green van, was using Johnson's name and claiming to work for Eclipse and Marvel comics.

A second investigator visited The Academy of Art college where Johnson had once been a student. The head of the illustration department, Barbara Bradley, was asked a variety of questions on Johnson's mental faculties and how his artwork identified with his psychological state. The investigator also claimed to be very concerned about Johnson's relationships with women.

Later Bradley indicated that the man seemed more interested in Johnson personally rather than the plausibility of him being a danger or potential threat to Steven King.

News of the investigations would eventually filter through to Johnson.

It is what I call the three faces of Steve. Three years ago I wrote this wild letter to Stephen King telling him he was controlling me with psychic warfare and that my painting was a result of it. I wrote it in such a far out way that I didn't think it would be taken literally. I included samples of my art as well as a photograph of a fluorescent green van. On this van it said send three dollars to Stephen Lightfoot (the PO Box was clearly printed) for proof that

Stephen King. Richard Nixon and Ronald Reagan conspired and killed John Lennon. Does that sound crazy? This guy in the van was well known in the San Francisco area because for years he lived in the van and passed out xeroxs supposedly proving this conspiracy but people called him harmless. You can go to the university at Berkeley and people will tell you about this character. He says Stephen King was the real gunman that killed John Lennon, that if you look closely at the early photos of Mark Chapman it is really Stephen King. This guy really sounded like a living character from one of King's books



Illustration for Lead Poisoning, gunshot wound article from High Society.

King saw no humour in this and had me investigated. The strange thing is that the investigation happened recently and over a period of six months, from August '91 to January '92. The letter was written in December 1990, I don't know why he waited so long before I was investigated, I had forgotten about the letter.

Investigators and ex-FBI agents went to my old school in San Francisco and asked questions about my sanity, my



Illustration from *Big Butt* magazine

artwork and whether I seemed like a threat to myself (is he going to kill himself and have his parents sue because he was just finishing a Stephen King novel?), or to women (is he going to murder and later tell people he got the idea from a King novel?), or to King himself (is he going to go after King to put an end to the psychic mind messages?). He must get a million nutty letters, I guess my letter was a little too real because of the van photo.

A lot of friends were questioned and intimidated into feeling like they were part of something against Stephen King. None of my so called friends felt the need to call me and let me know I was under heavy investigation. One friend let me know months later because he thought I already knew.

I was never questioned even though my New York location was revealed. I think they didn't want me to know directly that I was being investigated just in case they were wrong and I wanted to sue or something to get money out of it. One of the investigators thought I was the guy in the green van and all the people who he talked to gave him my description and it didn't fit the description of the crazed van man. He continued to insist that this van man was me using the name Steven E. Johnson the artist.

Last year a newspaper article said that Stephen Lightfoot drove to the home of Stephen King and was promptly arrested under the new stalker law. I have not heard anything about this guy since.

Your new work is a painted sketchbook entitled Sex & Violence. Is it more outrageous than My Stinking Ass in content if not title?

Sex & Violence is more graphic, there is a picture of my hand going as far up my ass as physically possible. The book shows some close-up penetration so I believe that makes it more outrageous than *My Stinking Ass*. *Sex & Violence* also contains some native American themes. I exhibited five pages of the book at the American Indian Community House Gallery/Museum and got great response and scandal. A lot of questions came from traditional American Indians who wanted me to explain my choice of symbols, they felt I was being sacrilegious to their beliefs. Other people were surprised and inspired to see a native American artist doing contemporary work with both traditional and European influences, speaking in a new and powerful way. I had to threaten a lawsuit to keep this show up. *Sex & Violence* is an exploration of sex and violence and how I see and feel about it. I am trying to create for myself and take it as far as I can.

So there's no question of toning down your work in order to achieve publication?

No. I don't paint for an audience. If people like what I am doing great, if they hate it fine, but I refuse to self censor. All my life people have gone out of their way to tell me I should tone down my art work, be subtle, do it this way or that. I do what I do because I feel the need to do it. If worse comes to worse I will make the first move and self publish, printing is becoming more accessible and cheaper. *My Stinking Ass* will be published and then *Sex & Violence*. I have no problem getting individual paintings published, I see no reason why a whole book can't get published. Unlike some parts of Europe, America has no respect for its artists, it only cares about how much money the artists can make and their ability to play celebrity. Why should I tone down my work to make a product for such a culture? When it comes to my work, take it or leave it.



SEX, MURDER AND RAW POWER

Douglas D. Clark



The Hillside Strangler case in Hollywood, California, will probably never be fully and honestly exposed in every sordid detail. The shady deals, the lies purchased for political and ambition motives all will help hold back much of the truth. The case itself is topsy-turvy, in how the mentally deficient 'partner', Angelo Buono, is proclaimed by the authorities to be the mastermind over his cousin, the fairly brilliant and twisted sadist, Kenneth Bianchi.

Anyone who knows the two labelled Hillside Strangers knows that Angelo and Ken were never master and pawn, as the TV movies, books and official press releases claim. Buono distrusted, disliked and resented his lazy, smart-ass cousin. The two were utterly incompatible types. But to then cast the weak-minded Buono as the Svengali over his cousin is to say Mussolini was the driving force, and Hitler just a weak-kneed yes-man in the fascist reign of terror. The hype sold, the jury bit, and the case is now on the back burner. In fact, the jury verdict, 12-0 for LIFE for Buono in

the most hyped case since the Manson crew wreaked havoc on Los Angeles, speaks to the fact the jury did not buy the official lie. Bianchi was lying. Everyone admits it. The state claimed he was lying when he said things they could not use to nail Buono. Furthermore, Buono's team of lawyers said Bianchi was lying to create a 'partner' where none ever existed. But that is not the topic today, boys and girls. Today we are talking about a person who, like a moth to a flame, let herself get nailed in a crime that was never to be committed.

Veronica Lynn Compton - VerLyn - was a statuesque beauty with sultry raven hair, a figure to make men, and some women, drool. She was bright, but never applied her brilliance fully to any studies or goals. She was also deeply involved in a downward spiral of cocaine and sexual perversion which would become the svelte beauty's downfall.

In the waning days of 1979, through 1980, VerLyn was involved in the sado-masochism trade as a dominatrix. She was partying hard, and lived in a constant quest for, or high from, the white powder which fuelled her fantasies and energized her enormous bisexual appetite for wielding a whip on the flesh of the rich and powerful of the city.

She dived deeper and deeper into the netherworld of the leather and lash scene. The more lurid, the more wickedly cruel the fantasy, the better. She penned frantic blood-dripping fiction pieces which were far too extreme for any

mainline publisher to consider. The underground press, inappropriately named because little but for kiddie porn was truly 'underground' at the time, would not even consider the 'Mutilated Cutter' as a stage play or even a fiction short story. VerLyn had sunk into the mire of the S&M scene to a point where she was being secretly whispered about in unflattering terms. Dangerous . . . truly psychotic, as opposed to the artistically mock-psycho freaks within the 'strange community' . . . VerLyn was becoming an outcast in her own circles of really freaky people.

Her affair through plexiglas with Kenneth Bianchi is widely known in the general facts. She tried to claim at one point briefly, that they had been lovers prior to his arrest in Bellingham, Washington for the sadistic sex-murder of the girl he slew there. His efforts to buy his worthless carcass a pass on the route to that state's gallows had been successful: LAPD lamely bought his lies against his cousin Buono, and had to convict Buono or face the black-eye for having traded the killer's false story against an innocent man in exchange for letting the real killer live. It was a devil's bargain, struck by morons with a genuinely evil person.

Veronica, meanwhile, was entering stage-left, and began to play mind-games with the sober (by incarceration alone) and far too wily Bianchi. She was, in effect, rubbing herself, intellectually, all over this sleazy killer. He loved the attention, but was also plotting to use VerLyn to help him sabotage the LAPD case against him. While Ken was 'dealing' with the cops and prosecutors, he was at that moment trying to set up a string of murders by which he could then claim his false innocence. It is not uncommon. The LAPD is not virginal when it comes to being in bed with lying informers who are double-dealing during negotiations the detectives claim are utterly ethical.

In a nut-shell, Bianchi had ejaculated into a finger-sleeve cut from a rubber glove, and inserted this 'evidence' into the binding of a book. He then arranged for VerLyn to receive the book, laden with the sperm, in a manner that no-one would know this nefarious missive had been delivered.

She would then follow his plan to disguise herself as blond and very pregnant, while she travelled north from Hollywood to Bellingham (about 1000 miles) and there she would find and strangle a female. Moreover, she would do it in precisely the trademark manner Bianchi liked to use. She would insert the semen of the 'killer' into the victim and depart. This, Bianchi reasoned, would 'prove' by the forensic evidence found on this new victim matching that discovered on his own earlier victim's bodies, that the 'real' killer was still at large. All the while he is conning the prosecutors into buying his stories as the *sincerely repentant confessions* of co-killer and pawn to Buono. However, should VerLyn pull it off, his warped mind assumed, he could pretend to be mentally unhinged and claim he was *falsely confessing* to all these murderous deeds, both in the Hollywood area and up north.

So, the thrill-jaded, dope-snorting beauty, VerLyn, was at cross-roads. If she left the jail, and hopped onto the plane, she was not merely *fantasizing* her sado-masochistic scenes the plexiglass-shielded affair had offered. This, she realized, was much more than mere ego and libido-tickling. But, she reasoned, the bridge did not have to be crossed at this point. She could tantalize and titillate herself even further, without actually *doing* anything her jailed psychotic fantasy-lover demanded of her. So, rather than saying, 'whoa fella! This is where this bitch-goddess gets off Satan's merry-go-round,' she decided to slip even closer to the flame. What harm could there be in pretending to go along, go north, and then simply tell him no victim presented herself.

The general public, (not including readers of *Headpress*) are amazingly unaware how many 'serial killer groupies' there are out there. The likes of Manson, Ramirez and Bianchi attract an endless stream of unsolicited pen-pal letters from sickos and psychos worldwide. A hank of hair, a signature etc, can bring a hefty donation for most of this



Typical Death Row groupie "Doug, I love you."

genre of killers. There are literally thousands of females who seem drawn to the sordid and bloody fantasies these men can inspire. VerLyn was ripe to be attracted to the vileness and notoriety of such a fling. But, the girl was not beyond the limit of reality to the degree she did not keep in mind her own self-preservation. Murder was a delicious pantie-soaking fantasy, but she did not see herself as some sort of actual *killer*. She liked watching men and women dance under her lash, bound and gagged . . . but to actually strangle a girl, that was not within VerLyn's being. Not even the drug-psychosis she flirted with could drive her quite that far.

She left LAX (airport) and she made her way to the sleepy town of Bellingham. The girl was shivery with the Halloween thrills of slipping into a town in disguise, playing a role. And yet, she knew there was no way she would ever really carry out her plan, or more accurately, Kenneth Bianchi's plan. It was not her goal to *really* free the lunatic, nor was it her desire to genuinely *be* the

character she was momentarily enjoying play-acting.

She went through the motions, she lingered a while, and then had to face the point where, if she were his real 'dark-side' lover, she would be slipping a rope around a female neck and strangling the life out of the victim. The next day, she would depart. The game was over, it was time to head back, and see if he was dumb enough to believe he had convinced her to genuinely attempt such a feat.

VerLyn never left home without her supply of cocaine. In the motel where she was staying, she met a couple of local, bored lounge-dwellers. He was a quick talker, the girl was trying to match beauty and wit with the big-city VerLyn. The 'pregnant' blond fox was hip, to the small-town hicks' mere attempts to be.

Coke, bisexuality, kinky urges, the topics flowed as each tried to out-do or merely keep pace with the others' brazen attitudes. S&M, bisexuality and oral sex . . . the couple was enchanted to encounter a true Hollywood freak there in the sleepy town. They were into dope, and were eager to get into *her* dope stash. VerLyn has to be understood in context. In the small town motel lounge she must have seemed like a creature from another planet. In the nether regions of Hollywood, she would not be shocking in the least. Drugs, sex orgies, even B&D and S&M, were not about to raise an eyebrow. But in Bellingham, in that bar, or later in the courtroom, eyebrows would raise so high they all but disappeared. So, when the cocky, ego-tripping VerLyn decided to give her clitoris and nose a little treat with the pair of rubes and her cocaine stash, she felt it would be harmless. No problem, if they could ID her from this contact; she was never intending to commit any *serious* crimes. Certainly not murder.

The couple were exasperated with the lack of any real excitement in their dreary town. Now an opportunity for some heavy indulgence inveigled their yearnings.

He wanted a three-way. He was eager to see the two females perform lesbian sex, and he was twitching to get at the cocaine.

The girl was a doper too, and sexually 'easy'. She was more than willing to explore her own curiosity about the touch and licks of another woman on her body.

VerLyn, from broad experience, knew she had two grovelling pets. She quickly exercised her control by setting out the rules.

First, she and the girl would proceed, drunk and horny as they already were, to VerLyn's own room. There they would get 'started' with girl to girl sex, alone. VerLyn was not going to attempt to introduce a novice girl to lesbianism with a half-drunk horny male trying to take control, endeavouring to ram his spurning cock into all six available orifices. In time, he could participate and get his thrills. They eagerly agreed and parted.

Later, the story told by the girl, and the truth of what occurred in the room would part company. She claimed she was standing there fully dressed when VerLyn came up behind her and drew both her hands behind her back "to



Veronica Compton.

feel the baby." Then, her hands were so quickly tied together that she could not holler or resist. VerLyn placed her victim on the bed, straddled her and pressed her hands to her neck. The girl struggled, rose up and untied herself, trotted to the door then left the room. VerLyn left also. No-one called the police or reported any of this.

VerLyn *did* enter the room to have her 'usual' sort of sex with the girl. She helped her out of her pullover sweater, then asked and was granted permission to tie her hands. She then began her dominatrix routine and ordered the bitch on her knees, between her thighs, and commanded her to suck her pussy. As the scene progressed, the novice's drunken nerve deserted her and she said she wished to quit and leave. This she did. If the athletic VerLyn had *wanted* the bound girl to stay, she would have been a dead duck. No one has yet explained, if the innocent visit to the room (for *no reason*, according to the girl) led to being *unwillingly* tied, how she removed her sweater while her hands were bound behind her back. It is a physical impossibility that proved the B&D lesbian sex games were consensual. The drunken girl, loaded on booze and coke, found the activity too rough, too abrupt, so changed her mind and went back to her lover. VerLyn left the next day and no one said a word about the encounter.

Only later, when the LAPD detectives were grilling the government-employed girl and her boyfriend, would the sex-dope encounter be twisted into a scene where VerLyn trying to strangle a girl while everyone in the place knew they were in the room. She would then somehow hope to flee town, and that would be that. The police quickly applied massive pressure to the 'victim' until she claimed she *did* get attacked despite having already denied it. The town was not one where a lesbian-sex, cocaine orgy would go down as just a little good clean fun. The girl had a prior dope bust on her record, and was scared of losing her government job in an era where jobs of any kind were few and far between. Nor was she keen to admit the truth about having been a drunk, horny, bisexual freak interested in sucking pussies with VerLyn, by then already linked to the most hated man in Bellingham history: Kenneth Bianchi. To admit that she was there in that room to try out sex with a 'pregnant' woman was one thing. To admit she was there to get it on with the *headline labelled lover* of Bianchi was a shame she could never recover from. No, she was never going to admit it, so she had to accept the 'truth' the police fed her: Veronica Lynn Compton tried to murder her.

VerLyn was in a bad position. In a hick town where wearing a *garterbelt* was considered kinky, and dopers were considered the curse of the nation, she was about to stand trial before a jury composed of these hicks, and state her defense: she went there to flirt with the fantasy of being a pseudo-vampira, to then get bored and join two local fools in a mildly kinky scene of lesbian sex. She had to carefully control the actual sex, because she did not want to allow anyone to discover she was not pregnant. It would be awkward explaining the padded belly under her clothing, so

she decided to tie the girl's hands to prevent 'exploration' by her partner. She then knelt the girl down and enjoyed dominating her, having her keep her attentions strictly oral, strictly to the crotch. Then she would dine on the girl a while before "giving her old man a blowjob" and calling it a night. She "just wanted to come in the bitch's mouth and then reciprocate . . . then blow her boyfriend and kick them out before they snorted all my coke."

Remember, until weeks after this incident, no one even dreamed of calling this encounter an "attempted murder" or attack of any kind. Only when over-zealous police decided VerLyn *must* have been going to kill, to follow through on the silly flirtation with disaster she had dared to follow to that point, did the stories suddenly change and support a claim of attempted murder.

Only because the defense was hopeless, itself sure to doom Compton, did the entire case create such a miscarriage of justice. VerLyn could never hope to get an honest verdict from the 'locals' when she was the "lover of the killer of two local innocent girls." The heavy presumption was that she was, by sheer association with Ken, a bloodthirsty monster bent upon killing . . . her sexual and narcotic status did nothing to enhance her chances, while these facts were the core of the truth.

If a bookie were to have offered odds, they would have been a million to one against Compton in her trial for attempted murder. She was sent to prison as a would-be copycat killer who tried to duplicate a Hillside Strangler murder to help free one of the most hated men in Washington State history (right behind Ted Bundy).

If you find yourself convicted of any crime and put into prison in this sick nation, you must *confess fully*, take full responsibility for crimes you did not commit, and then prove to the parole board you are repentant and have changed your wicked ways. VerLyn was nailed in one of the most sensational fiascos in that state's sordid history. She was forced to state publicly that she had done precisely what she had not done – intended to kill the girl – and that she was terribly sorry and would never do it again. That, or she could expect to rot for the full term – over a decade.

There she sits . . . and she feels guilty. Not for the supposed crime she was incarcerated for, but guilty because she has grown up, sobered up, kicked cocaine, and quit slithering around in perversity she once thought of as her lifestyle.

We can all sit back and smirk, leer, condemn her for being stupid to have danced with the devil. We can say she brought this injustice upon her own head . . . maybe so. But was a girl flirting with the sinful shivers of the topic of murder worthy of a decade in prison? If so, readers of Steven King novels, and yes, *Headpress*, deserve at least a weekend in jail now and then by degree.

The sad fact is, our officials, our police and prosecutors and judges, did not have the integrity or guts to simply derail the railroad that threw this immature and silly woman



into prison for a crime no one truly believes she committed. She is being punished as a symbol to others who might admire the likes of Manson, Bianchi, and even Hitler. Devil worshippers and occultists, punk rockers, they all scare the living shit out of Mr and Mrs Amerika today. It does not matter a damn if a 'weirdo' like VerLyn spends the middle of her lifetime in prison for something that she didn't do. She deserves it, for wanting to shove that girl's willing face into her crotch and command "eat me good, slut!" That alone, to most Bellingham citizens, would justify a decade behind bars

I do not wish to get into details, but I know Ken, I know Angelo, I have been called VerLyn's boyfriend, and I have intimate knowledge of every fact of which I speak. I heard, from my cell, phone call conversations Ken had which clearly (to my mind) prove he was the sole Hillside Strangler I believe, based on massive factual foundation, that if these two men were a team, it would have to be Ken as the leader, not Angelo. I also know the two were not compatible as serial killers, as labelled by the police who had to prove what they had purchased was worth the price. And, more tragic, VerLyn, a screwed up female playing around with fire, got herself badly burned simply because a pack of rabid, ambition-bent authorities needed to nail every person even close to the Hillside Strangler suspects.

Today, Veronica is a different person from the frantically sexual and kinky person she was in 1979. It is a shame she ever went to prison at all, but it probably saved her life. No one can guess what would have become of her without a stiff dose of corrupted reality to sober her up and get her to realize she was involved in a lifestyle that could easily have left her cooling in the coroner's lab.

But it is time to let her go. A far wiser and non-addictive person will walk out of that prison and begin a new life. She has not aged well, prison can do that to a woman even more than it does to a man. Do not bother to feel sorry for her, she doesn't blame anyone but herself for stepping in the path of the corrupt men who put her there for no reason but their own career benefits. Don't idolize her, or the men she once believed she admired. She has grown up, she no longer is the wanton Vampira she fancied herself.

KILLER KOMIX 2 COMING SOON

Work has commenced on KILLER KOMIX 2, the second volume of the popular publication. The finished work is expected for release towards the end of the year. Contributions, ideas and suggestions are still welcome at this stage. Write: Headpress, PO Box 160, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4ET, UK.



a guide to Public Toilets



Mehdi El-Radhi

Having completed a tour of public toilets in Manchester city centre, a few things struck me as surprising. There exists a strange subculture of people who visit these places regularly, for one reason or another. During the four days I spent studying urinals, cubicles and hand basins, I realised that I was seeing a number of people again and again in different toilets or around them. I felt almost as though they were spying on me, and as soon as I had turned to leave, would be whipping out walkie-talkies to call 'base' and tell them what my next move was.

Another thing which I found interesting was the sheer volume of graffiti. I had previously heard of something called 'cottaging', but not until undergoing this project did I learn what exactly cottaging is. People visit public toilets to meet others – I am sure some of this graffiti was made believe as one would expect, but some struck me as obviously genuine. There were lists resembling time tables of buses or trains, which indicated when somebody would be at a certain place and what to do if you wished to meet him. Offers of various sexual favours available and for what price was also a common sight. In the Market Place toilet I read – *Into Threesomes? Bring your wife with you into disabled toilet Tuesdays 3.15pm. Also appearing many times (by the same pen) was – I watch you wank: £10. I wank u: £20. Blow job: £30. My anus: £40. Without a condom: £50. etc.* Some of these included phone numbers and even addresses.



That many public toilets employ full-time attendants is another thing I did not know. Their job is to keep the place tidy, provide toilet paper, and empty bins. I wonder if they would have any interesting stories to tell?

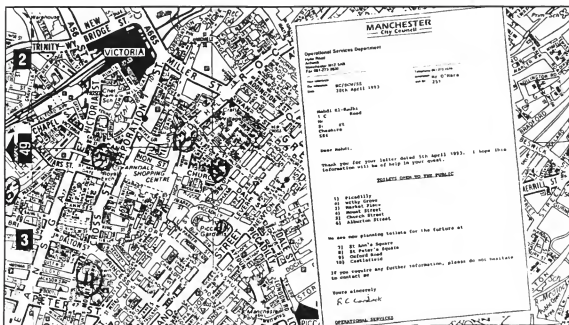
Before commencing on my search I thought I would write to the Town Hall to see if they would be able to help me in any way. I already knew of about four or five toilets, but after the Town Hall wrote back, the number increased considerably.

I think I should get to my results now. But before I do, I emphasise that the following is in no particular order, and based on Gents toilets only... blame my penis!

Piccadilly

This toilet is easy to find and get to. Adjacent to Piccadilly Gardens, opposite Superdrug and Pizzaland. It is in a useful place for the public in the park, and those shopping or working in the area. The signs are visible from nearby, but not from a distance. Entrance to the toilets is down a stairway and, on a warm day, already the smell hits you. Out of all those I visited, these toilets are the worse for smell. Inside it is very large, containing 15 cubicles (three out of order), 16 urinals with another 16 fenced off. Here there is an attendant with an office behind a window, rather like a post office. Nevertheless, to match the smell, the place looks grim.

The urinals are 'Twyford Adamant', the full-length



The letter (inset) and location of city centre conveniences as supplied to the author, courtesy Manchester City Council

versions which reach the ground.

The cubicles are not as strongly smelling as the urinals, but as grim looking. The toilet seats are the sort with a gap in the front to facilitate urinating from a standing position. They're of 'Allia' make and are quite well kept, probably because of the continuous staffing. The doors however, have terrible locks on them – if any. Many are broken off and the rest are very stiff or not working at all. The graffiti is mainly on the doors of the cubicles and consist of the usual uninviting scribbles and obscene drawings with a felt tip pen. The cubicles have paper dispensers, which work without problem.

Washing here is difficult because of the four tiny round basins and no soap. **65%**



Precadilly

Withy Grove

These toilets are in the wall of the Arndale shopping complex, with access from Withy Grove just by the bus station. They're quite well sign-posted above the entrance and can be seen from the street. They are on ground level for easy access.

This is not a very large place, just a basic rectangle in shape. The walls and floor are very clean, and it is well lit with hardly any smell. A button with a disabled sign is for calling the attendant should anyone need help.

Things are quite adequate with 16 urinals – the full-length sort which reach to the ground, continuous with dividers fitted for modesty.

Into the cubicles then . . . Most of the Royal Daulton seats are missing but the paper dispensers are good, with adequate paper. The graffiti belies the usual cottaging. One toilet bowl was completely blocked with paper, which is quite poor in light of there being an attendant at hand. The door locks are broken off and missing. Well organised washing facilities, complete with soap dispensers, are all operational. But unfortunately only cold water is available. **65%**

Market Place

This one's good if you happen to be in Market Place, but is hidden from the nearest street (Cannon St.). The signs can be seen from the walkway – which is quite dark – and there is a separate entrance for the disabled.

It's of a fairly average size inside and doesn't smell bad. There are 10 urinals (continuous with dividers), which look clean and are arranged quite practically. The cubicles are small, though all the doors actually lock, being fitted with



Market Place

big bulky locking mechanisms. A few of the toilet seats are missing but there is the smell of disinfectant which is a comfort. The flush is a good strong flush, operated by a push button. However, there isn't any paper in the dispenser which could prove awkward, and again, as there is an attendant, there is really no excuse for this.

For washing there are five basins all with soap and paper towels. The only problem here is with the taps 70%

Mount Street

This one isn't very easy to spot from the street either (unless you happen to be stopped under the sheltered area alongside the Town Hall). It is poorly sign-posted. Upon approaching I didn't notice any offensive smell and it was clean inside. It is also part of the Town Hall building and has another entrance on the far side of the complex.

The urinals are a continuous length divided up into six individuals, which look slightly dirty like they haven't been cleaned regularly. There are three cubicles and something strange called 'Father's Room', to which you get keys from the attendant. The toilets, urinals and wash basins are all 'Armitage Shanks', which look of high quality. There are toilet seats in the cubicles but they're not very clean. The locks on the doors are shit and too small. There is toilet



A Town hall tap

paper in the dispensers. And loads of graffiti, a lot of which is anti-government. *Fuck this government.* Which could be expected in the Town Hall, I suppose.

The five wash basins are good, all having soap, with hot and cold water. There are hot-air hand driers too, which is a real luxury. 73%

Church Street

Situated just inside the entrance to the multi-storey car park, this toilet is totally hidden away unless you are going to or coming from the car park itself through this particular access point. There are no signs visible from the outside and there's a closed-circuit camera by the Gents, so it's probably not a good idea to loiter here too long. It's a straight layout inside, with five cubicles on the left and one long urinal without dividers on the right. It is fairly clean. The cubicles are quite small, containing Royal Daulton toilets which aren't very clean, and there is a wet floor – fairly ugly. The paper supply is poor with faulty dispensers. The doors are covered in graffiti and have broken locks. They don't close properly.

The flushing mechanism is good and strong. For washing there are four sinks available – two completely without taps, which had me wondering what I was supposed

to do with them. The third basin was stuffed full of paper and only the fourth was working properly. The push-button tap gives hot water. No soap here unfortunately. 53%

Alburton Street

This is set in the middle of a business district. A mysterious location, I can't imagine it being busy here ever. Neither can I comment on the inside of the place because the Gents was shut and locked the four times I visited. However, it is in a stupid place – easily seen from the street but I don't imagine many pedestrians walking past here at all.

The following toilets are not in the charge of Manchester City Council, but nevertheless are considered open to the public.

Corn Exchange

These toilets have their entrance indoors, inside the Corn Exchange building. So access to them is not easy unless you are already inside. However, there are no signposts anyway. To find the toilets, you walk through the main entrance and turn left, then go up the staircase that you come to and turn right. The staircase is magnificent, with highly decorative walls of deep green. The toilet is clean



The stairs in the Corn Exchange

and doesn't smell bad.

The five urinals are separated, full-length and in good condition. The toilets are housed in four clean cubicles, made by 'Howie', and have seats and covers. There is no graffiti in here which is unusual (and a reflection of the toilet's concealment within the building). The locks on the doors are shit though – jammed or broken. There's no toilet paper either.

The four sinks are arranged nicely in a separate area, providing hot and cold water but no soap. There are hand-driers too. Over all, the toilet is very green and fancy-looking with a high ceiling. 85%

Piccadilly Station

Obviously these toilets are in an important place, situated in a busy railway station. And they cater quite adequately. To reach them, it's a walk down a flight of stairs and turn left – not right or you end up in a barber shop (which is in a very peculiar spot if you ask me!).

This is a large toilet, well-kept, and doesn't look or smell particularly dirty. There are 20 full-length, separated urinals. Made by 'Shanks'. They're clean.

To use any of the 10 toilets you have to pay. On each door is a strong lock which accepts a 2p coin. Inside, they are large, clean, stocked with toilet paper, and well looked after. Graffiti is present but is not as abundant as many of the other toilets visited. The white tiles give the impression of cleanliness. 82%

Deansgate Station

My visit to these toilets was aborted because of maintenance work going on at the station. A sign greeted me: 'Sorry to cause any inconvenience but toilets closed temporarily'.

Manchester Public Library

Access to these is quite limited as you have to walk through part of the library, down two sets of stairs and through a café. Once there, however, they are clean and well-maintained. The decor is striking – a black and red colour contrast in the doors and walls. There are six urinals from 'Twyford' – separate, full-length versions – and are kept clean. The cubicles are large and similarly clean. They have paper and good flushing with a press handle. The door locks consist only of small plastic bolts, but remain undamaged. There is graffiti in here but it's strange, like quotes and poems. Intellectual stuff. The washing facilities are very good with a large mirror, hot-air driers, red liquid soap, hot and cold water, and large bins for rubbish. Despite the limited access, these are undoubtedly the best public toilets in Manchester. 89%

What are the toilets like in your town? If you would care to take this irregular series to a WC near to where you live, do a bit of spotting and write in. Headpress, PO Box 160, Stockport, Cheshire, SK1 4ET.

Farewell, my hard-on
Sex dies lonely and
unloved as the rest of us
go shopping ...

PRANT #6

Howard Lake

So . . . RIP sex and welcome to the administering of the last rites as the instinct which has regenerated the species since it first emerged dripping from the primordial gloop at long last gives up the ghost. Its demise was, taking our species chronology as a whole, sudden and unexpected but it's best we let the thing die in peace rather than hang around still desperately banging the bones as though just one more teaspoon of our genetic mucus could somehow revive it.

It can't – tho' that won't stop the corpse jerking about for a few years like a tripper from '88 not come down yet. And come to think about it, that year was around the time the first spasms were detected in the motor neurone system of Britain's sexuality. Natch, AIDS had something to do with this; something, but not *everything*, not by a long shot. . .

BIG SEXYLAND . . . Uh-hum, whadda joke – and a sick joke at that, for as sex has retreated from the essence of our need so sex has been THRUST to the forefront of our daily conscience. SEX – The Chippendales on the *Richard & Judy Show*, flex that pee but don't show 'em that meat; don't show 'em that potential instrument of DEATH, willya? SEX – 'Only the crumbliest flakiest chocolate. . . ' – Woarr, luv, I wish my bird could take it in the mouth like that, or be as photogenically unreal as that. And, Mister Sad, she *can*, only don't make her SWALLOW now, 'lest the POISONOUS emissions do their thang and . . . well, you KNOW, don't you?

Hmmm – welcome to sex the sham; welcome to sex the hologram. From today it has been officially announced that sex – as in the kind where skin meets skin (remember the feeling?) – has been deemed unnatural. Henceforth sex will only be permissible with the explicit consent and participation of commerce. In other words, if you want to indulge in the delights of BIG SEXYLAND then you gotta PAY.

AIDS is doing its thing, not killing sex *per se* – at least

not until it's wiped out all its disbelievers: "Huh, only QUEERS catch it" – but it's sure as shit managing to spread the Fear, the fear of bodily congress and the exchange of wondrous fluids to such a point where ultimately nobody's going to WANT sex, where sex becomes an act detached from your fellow human, where sex becomes something else entirely. . .

HOLA! This is where we throw open the gates and bid y'all welcome to BIG SEXYLAND – where sex becomes a carnal sideshow at a carnal theme park: price of admission? I dunno – you got a JOB??? Far-fetched you think? But you're living there already – I wasn't joking about the Cadbury's Flake ad, just as I'm not gagging 'bout the Vauxhall Corsa commercial or any amount of 'Buy me Buy me!' propaganda we encounter daily. Because if anyone's sussed ahead of the pack where the libido is really heading it's commerce. Though I suspect this is purely accidental, commerce has anticipated the shift in our aesthetics of DESIRE away from the physical towards the material faster than anyone – in fact, they're (unconsciously – let's not give them more credit than they're due) actively encouraging this shift . . . and why not? – it's good for business. Ahem, methinks a *double entendre* here – DOING THE BUSINESS.

Material desires replaces physical desire. SEX SELLS – only a fool would disagree. Here, in the BIG SEXYLAND, we see it everywhere, only we cling on to some notion of honest-to-god sexuality we think makes us HUMAN – I fuck therefore I am, while all around us the real malcontents (not you, not you who actually THINK, dear reader) are, with nonchalant ambivalence – in other words, for lack of anything better to do – happily queuing up at the gates of HSL for the ride of their life (minus any contaminated-fluid anxiety, natch). SEX in the 90s ain't no wondrous trip through the realms of erotopornocopia, ain't no mutual striving towards a shared goal of joint satisfaction (as if it ever WAS) – SEX is all about PERSONAL ATTAINMENT . . . that house, that car, that Whirlpool Kitchen, that CDi, that multi-channel Home Entertainment System which (as opposed to the hump 'n' grind home entertainment) means you gotta HAVE the ££££ in order to obtain the sucker . . . which, it goes without saying, means you gotta EARN the ££££ if you

want to gain admission to the whole shebang, which means – ah shit, do I got to say anything about CONTROL???

Sex has always been a means of control – I'm not a Catholic (wish I had been; oh, the guilt!) but well, you know what I'm on about . . . one act of fornication nearer to Thee, O Satan – the old time schtick, before we learned that a late-nite kneetrembler didn't necessarily lead you directly to the infernal pit. Of course, the era of shucking the shackles of repression was hardly substantive – only since about '67 did the populace as a whole understand what the word 'orgasm' actually meant – and it's indicative of something that moral hypocrisy as seen in the rise and rise of the religious right or even the *dweebette faggotjugende* like Peter Lilley has endured the jizz-flinging, fist-fucking zenith of sexual 'expression' . . . The truth is that the Big Sexyland, that's as in a society where sexuality became honest currency enjoyed by whomever cared to participate without a hint of furtive guilt or inherent shame, never really existed – not in the UK, not even in 'censorship-free' America, not even in 'liberated' Holland. Sex was, and will always be, a matter wrought with unholy disquiet; the reason us nogoodniks vicariously enjoy the damn stuff anyway. Sex has always been a matter of control – objective: societal; subjective: moral; overall: ingrained collective consciousness – and we are all aware of that, however much we attempt to express our libidinous freedom and profess not to be subject to any such strictures. Sex has us pinned and helpless; the male's hard-on DEMANDS relief, one way or another (I have a dick; I cannot

presume to speak for women and get it 100% right, so I won't) and, as males are all-too-aware, has no compunction about how it obtains same – Valerie Solanis wasn't TOO far off the mark with her 'wading through a river of snot' schtick; might have even contributed something had she not been so determined to eradicate the male – which isn't to say all men are rapists-in-waiting, for enforced carnal knowledge is about power trips more than it is ever about sex . . . No, other factors are at play here, primary among them being the notion of man as provider and regenerative force for the species, which, whether YOU have managed to shake off the accumulated sociological conditioning of ages or not, is an ethos that still holds true for the majority of meat+veg bearers to this day.

And they require SEX; they require compliance from the counterparts (for the sake of equality I'm including gays here), but in the go-ahead 90s sex, once touted as the physical/spiritual apex of all that be, fulfils only a fraction of our needs. In short, it don't DELIVER like what it used to – it don't even cum close. Why? Because sex was hijacked by the themepark designers from the very instant some stoned hippy coined the term 'blowjob' – commerce knew and so commerce blew . . . you – to the point where now, in an era where 'sex' and 'safe', where 'pleasure' and 'precaution', walk out hand in hand, this vast need can easily be channelled into less demanding, less worrying, less DANGEROUS activities . . . like purchasing a VCR on which to watch your porno tapes.

And make no mistake, the development of

one day, January 1992,
beach combing at
Granton Harbour,
Edinburgh, Catriona makes
a startling discovery...



a set of false
teeth in the sand.

December, that same
year – more partially
buried dentures on the
same stretch.

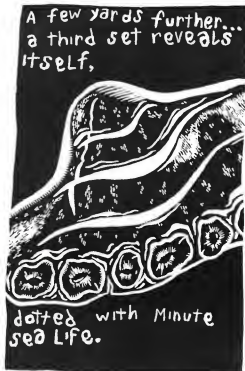


technocommerce in the years since, oh, 75, has mirrored porn in its capacity to reinvent itself in order to remain fresh and exciting for the consumer. For straight sex read television; for oral sex read video technology; for kinks and pervery read virtual reality – you can draw the parallels yourself – except technocommerce doesn't disappoint as quickly; technocommerce doesn't cum too soon, doesn't leave you sleeping on the wet spot, doesn't leave you wondering whether it was all worthwhile. Technocommerce DOES deliver, every time. Sidebar: a recent (92) survey in the States had 7 out of 10 canvassed choosing phonesex over the real thing...

The Big Sexyland exists, true. But it's nothing to do with SEX – nothing to do with the rubbing, frictions, secretions, aching, intimacy, fury, cataclysm of what sex once (allegedly) was. Even pornography, supposedly the standard-bearer for the Real Deal, isn't about that – pornography is cold as hell, a sterile arena filled with endless mechanical repetition of squalid insouciance, hardly marked by what few artistes attempt to inject some life. But then pornography is a BUSINESS like any other, one measured in turnover and profit margin rather than anything to do with MEANING or essence. And that, in Big Sexyland (which by now you should realise means the planet rather than any one country), is only as it ought to be – sex is, after all, a commodity to be bought and sold: you pay your £\$£\$ you takes your choice: I'm leafing through a copy of *American Hustler* – the phonesex ads; on one page I have the choice between 'black girls', 'orientals', 'she-males', 'co-eds',

'older women', 'gay studs', 'cheerleaders', 'neighbor's daughter' and so on... all 100% LIVE! But of course – as if they'd rip you off...

Pornography is merely an adjunct to Big Sexyland, a sideshow to distract your time, somewhere to fritter away your loose change. It's not where the REAL business is conducted, the stuff that actually MATTERS, that makes the world go round. Sex is the bait that lures you towards the hook, yeah, but you're not swallowing THAT, are you? Uh-huh, there are far more pressing requirements to be filled first – like that car, that CDi, that mortgage repayment. In themepark Big Sexyland all this is up for grabs and with it the sense of GENUINE fulfilment, the sense of BELONGING that bestows you with a greater sense of satisfaction than any five-minute fuck can endow. After all, what does sex GIVE you other than an all-too-brief hit of endorphin and the need for a cigarette? In the Big Sexyland, that 28" colour TV with remote control is FOREVER – or until it reaches its built-in obsolescence, by which time you'll be gagging for goosing from the sexy hands of technocommerce anyway, won't you? What matters is that the consumer fuck lasts a lot longer – sure, real sex offers tacitility, the conjoining of emotions etc. but all too soon the thrill is past and forgotten... you never forget busting your cherry – uh-huh, the pressure, panic, embarrassment, the failing of it to live up to your expectations; you never forget it alright – but in the warm friendly embrace of the Big Sexyland ethos all such considerations are set aside: no pressure to deliver on YOU; no unseemly DEMANDS – everything nice 'n' easy 'n' catered



for in advance.

Catered for in advance – that's what we always wanted from sex, wasn't it? In this day and age, very few of us can enter into any form of sex without preconceived notions of How It's Going To Be. Pornographers like myself and Mr Murdoch have seen to that – me 'n' Rupert have made the orgasm an integral part of coitus, something that has to happen for both of you otherwise... well, otherwise it's no good, is it? And we'll persist in telling you how you're going to have BETTER SEX as long as you saps keep swallowing it (while at the same time of course heaping opprobrium upon those PERVERTS and DEVIANTS who choose to do it any other way). Your sex is now media sex, your every act performed against a curtain of background babble – let Magi Clarke show you where the clitoris is; oooh, isn't it *revolutionary*? – your every manoeuvre to be measured against that of someone else's, even your physiognomy judged against consensually-agreed (i.e. media-selected) criteria, be it Cindy Crawford or The Dream Boys. The pressure is on, the screws are being turned – alter your bodyshape, cosmetically if needs be, embrace the agreed archetypes of what is sex, or what is sexy – only big-breasted babes in crotch-hugging hotpants can gain entrance to Big Sexyland... this week.

In Big Sexyland the living is easy – we can get lazy about sex to the point where, well, does it honestly matter? Big Sexyland was built, not on the foundations of HIV, but upon a mass apathy regarding sex in general. We just grew sick and tired of it. Sure, as a diversion it's fine, somewhere on a par with a Sega Megadrive, but you won't bust your balls in pursuit of it unless you're terminally sad or sick. Not to say the instinct isn't still extant – it is, though for how long is another matter – but when that instinct is catered for every day without you even needing to look for it, when chocolate is sold to you with fellatio or quilted toilet tissue with a hint of casual sex; or when popular music – once the exciter of teenage libido everywhere – offers all the anodyne pleasure of a stroll around Dixons electrical store, then you understand the hollow ersatz delights of this Big Sexyland. Is it any wonder we're all ripped to the tits on any headfuck drug we can lay our hands upon? Dopers don't fuck that much...

Technocommerce has a cracking joke for us – okay, it's only a triviality, but it must mean something. Those of us, like me, who are hooked up to the AstraSat can receive and enjoy the UK 'porn' station, the Adult Channel (beggared-out highly-censored trash if you must know). On the same receiver, however, you can now also receive something far more interesting – QVC, the home shopping channel, 24 hours of consumerism without needing to leave your armchair.

The disturbing thing is: QVC is FASCINATING.

Howard Lake works as a freelance writer based in London, the bulk of his work coming from the pornography industry.

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BY RICHARD BAYLOR



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sexINSIDE Out

Sarah Turner

The third and final part of Sarah Turner's series on repressed sexuality.

I discovered an affection of mine many years back – I'd been sitting in a cafe, doing nothing in particular, drinking tea, keeping inconspicuous and watching the world go by, when all of a sudden I had something to really look at... The most gorgeously camp creature pirouetted up to the counter, his slender little body slipping through the crowd like water between pebbles. He wore lilac jeans, very tight, and lots of make-up: huge gold rings in his ears and high heeled boots – he was small and slim and powerfully powerless. His nails were purple and he moved like a dancer. I was entranced. I saw him again some time later – he'd progressed to more explicitly female gear – a long patterned skirt and heeled shoes; his long hair curled and sprayed. Soon I progressed too... to a kind of fascination with guys *obviously* dressed as girls; from the pretty boys doing fifth form Shakespeare, to the prickly faced middle aged men with high necked blouses and pearls; thick, chunky legs and magnificently large feet. It's like that curve of the calf and ankle is totally different to a woman's. Above the knee, the clothes hide a multitude of sinnings and one could *almost* believe the illusion. But then the curiously square waist and the peculiarly male paunch, and that unfeminine, perfect hair... Delicious.

Soon after experiencing those first purple tipped nails I tried it myself the other way round. Bundling myself into Oxfam shirts and pants, ancient brogues and even a tie I felt good. But not great. And stripping down to the stuff underneath was much the same – even men's underwear under dresses, smart or sexy, just felt routine. It wasn't wrong but it wasn't me. I wanted to admire others and mostly – to watch their games.

And play games too – marvellously adolescent ones. Wearing biker's boots and leather and standing watching girls go by. Not cute, girlie beauties with bleached hair and dinky feet. But big women, strong, tall, prickly and solid. I'd stand outside this one girl's house for hours at a time looking up to her window when her mother wouldn't let her

out. Eventually, in her mother's vain attempt to get rid of me, the girl would come though and I'd chew gum as though I didn't give a damn. She'd wear Doc. Marten boots and looked like a punk, but to me she wasn't anything other than magnificent. Her parents would "worry about us" although I don't know *exactly* why.

I still have the adolescent dreams too. Odd dreams: dirt and squalor, cinematic blue light, prostitutes, tired men choosing shoes, and handsome women with gritty voices. All of them walk with a kind of featureless unity. I choose someone (for what I don't know). Always someone different. One asks me questions, academic questions to which I know the answer, and he plays with my hair while I reply. In another, I dream of a girl dressing me up in men's jeans, a baseball cap and string vest. She speaks to her lover while doing so, around me as though I don't exist. Like a doll or a placid pet I don't mind. But I know I've been dreaming when waking up to reality feels so sordid.

For me, game playing was and still is all about the beauty of the planned impact. The practised grace of a man; the self conscious totter of another; the enigmatic stare of the woman in boots and combat fatigues; the theatrical unreality of porn. All aware of their own slight transgressions. And who revel in that awareness. Unlike sex-games played only in the bedroom, these games are played in public, encouraging voyeurs, inviting them to share in a communal play-time fantasy world.

There's other things too – like the thrill of being invisible and anonymous. I used to wait for hours for buses, to pass the time. Not that I ever intended catching one, but I had at least a reason to be standing around. The buses would come and I'd wave them on. One time I noticed there was someone else, a man, watching me watching him. He'd been, I realised, there for as long as I had, just waiting for nothing. Even then he didn't seem normal – thinking back now, maybe I looked the same.

I wonder if I sound like a pathetic, sad voyeur? Or maybe a child who still wants to play with the dressing up box? Maybe I've just never grown up. Why should I write this, when there's so much else to write about sex? I could be so much more general – how good it is, how hard it is, how frequent, how odd, how mundane it is. Or, how acrobatic, how messy, odorous; who does what, where and when. Who's statistically maladjusted or under-supplied. Maybe my inclinations to you are *passé* or tedious; perhaps perverse or just simply comical? But I don't need to find for myself some tenuous psychological or sociological excuse, qualifying statistics, or titillating detail. The be all and end all of this 'sexual repression' is not for me to conclude with the spiritual meaning behind my sexual thought and action. Not of saints and sinners, heaven and hell. I feel this ride has to inevitably come round to me... and indeed it has. You don't have to be personally interested. I don't give a damn. Put sex in the header and you've probably read up to here anyway, as I would – no matter how shallow, pedestrian and second-rate the content.

120 DAYS a conversation with GENITORTURE

David Kerekes

Genitortures hail from Florida. They play metal music – power chords and chorus pedal, not without a catchy tune or two. What elevates the music of Genitortures above their rockist predilection, however, is their stage show. That is something quite unique.

Says Gen, lyricist and vocalist, “We are *not* a shock-rock band. We are not out to get banned, get arrested and get in the newspapers. We are, first and foremost, trying to reach people. To go out and shock people simply for the fuck of it is not our intent.”

Genitortures grew out of Gen’s desire to create an artistic counterpoint to her studies as a medical student, as well as her personal and professional interest in body modification.

With the release of a new album, *120 Days of Genitorture*, and negotiations for European and UK dates, it seemed a good idea to catch up with the most powerful woman in Rock.

HEADPRESS: *You’ve got big muscles.*

GEN: Yes, that’s one form of body modification.

What does the Genitortures line-up consist of?

It consists of four musicians: bass, guitar, drums, myself. And then three stage performers.

What do they do?

We have a dominatrix and two rack men.

How did the performance side of things evolve?



Gen

It evolved as a means of demonstrating body modification. I started off in 1986, doing piercings on audience members during a couple of instrumental numbers, and we incorporated that as part of our live show – as well as certain bondage-type ritual activity. Then, when I stopped playing bass, the stage show began to evolve considerably. It was at that point I was able to come into contact with other stage performers and concentrate more on the performance art aspect. Which translates now as almost being something of a rock opera, in as much as we have visual performers choreographed to the song. You're getting a visual performance of the concept of the song.

Could you tell me what the events of a typical show might consist of – if I may use the word 'typical'?

A typical show is kinda hard to describe because we do vary the show from place to place. And really, I have to generalize in saying this, we are presenting images of body modification which would include piercing performances, as well as branding, scarification, medical procedures – which would include certain types of gynaecological procedures – castration. We also perform enemas.

Performed on volunteers from the audience?

We do some of these things on each other. Some of it is done on audience volunteers, and some of it is done upon trained slaves – people who have sought us out to receive this as part of their training.

But there are no shortage of volunteers?

Really, truly, no. One of the reasons for that is, in America, we have tapped into the computer bulletin board system. It's a wonderful networking tool. We have a fetish network and an adult network, which people subscribe to. What we will do is post our dates and put out a call for volunteers. That is a source for a number of our volunteers.

Your last concert you nailed a scrotum to a plank of wood.

Yes... The most important part of our performance is the fact that it's based on consensuality. Everything is performed on people who are over 18, or over 21 – depending on the club. Similarly, nothing is performed on anyone who's judgement is compromised by any types of drugs or alcohol.

Where would you draw the line with a live performance?

We would never do anything to cause harm to someone in such a way that it would endanger their life. There are some people for example that have certain medical conditions. We have some slaves who are unable to be suspended upside down; we have a few that are diabetic;



Gen. Rock's answer to Jim Rose.

[Photo: George Holz]

hypoglycaemic – with which you have to be very careful with regard types of activities.

Might the length of a performance depend on the particular audience on a given night?

It depends on the venue. In America, at least, there are limitations from club to club; from state to state. It's very non-consistent when it comes to statutes about what one can and can't do – really with regard to nudity. So, what we have found is that we limit our show. We base it on the age group; on whether it's a private club; whether they serve alcohol.

Have you had any trouble with a live performance? Shows being busted?

We have been very lucky, and I think one reason is because we have really tried to comply to some extent... Obviously there are some laws that are completely ridiculous and need to be held up in front of the public. And that is part of what we're trying to do, we're trying to evoke some amount of change in some of these things – how things are perceived. For example, in America, if we are playing in a venue that serves alcohol, what we will do is simply cover up the womens' nipples – they must be covered. And the only genital piercing we are really able to do are scrotal piercings, done in such a way that there is no full-frontal male nudity. We have no problem then doing male nipple



Liberated

[Photo: George Holz]

piercings, brandings, or tongue piercing. There's a number of things we can still do. We do suspension for some of the piercings as well. It's really a case of just altering our show so that we are able to bring it into areas that need it the most.

Where would that be?

Some of the more repressive areas. There are so many people who come to the shows that are part of the scene – or maybe not part of the scene, but for whom this is part of their personal lives – who, in the Bible Belts of the United States, are really made to feel that they are sick or perverted or are going to Hell. For them, we really feel we must continue to do anything we can to put on a show.

How about groupies?

We have a pretty strong cult following in America. We have people who will travel considerable distances to see us. We have what we call the 'Society of Genitorture', which is really not so much a fan club as it is a network of individuals who have been either part of the show, or who we have met along the way. We put on special shows for them.

'Special' meaning 'stronger'?

Certainly, because they're usually private gatherings. It's a much freer environment. I think one of the really unique things about this band is that we have a very diverse audience. Of course, there are people who come to see us after hearing the record on the radio, maybe they buy the album, but who have no inkling we do such a stage show. They are music fans that are somewhat taken aback by the band live. Likewise, we have a number of people who would never go to a rock show, but who show up and feel very, very at home with everything that we're doing.

What of your own piercings. That is something you do as a professional, right?

Yes, it's something that I do professionally when I'm not touring, and also when we're on the road – we do permanent piercings as well as play-piercings on stage. When I'm home I'm pretty busy with appointments. Personally, I've had everything pierced. I'm someone who very much enjoys the act of piercing. I enjoy the feeling of obtaining a piercing as well as wearing permanent jewellery. So I've dedicated basically one-half of my body to permanent piercings and the other half to play-piercings – piercings which I perform over and over upon myself, either on stage or during a sexual experience.

What plans do you have to play Britain?

We're hoping to come over in the Spring. We're going to really try to plan it correctly, because we know that the Jim Rose Circus and some of the other performance-type groups have met with a lot of opposition over here. Some of which seems kinda unnecessary – like, to be banned before you've been able to play is kinda ridiculous. It's also very scary and people need to be aware of it. Arresting someone or banning someone for hearsay, or assumption, is a very fascist, thought-police tactic.

I'd like to finish by asking for an 'on the road' anecdote.

Oh dear. Um. Boy!

I'm sure there must be a few.

A middle-aged couple who were into SM came to me for a labial piercing. I told them about the band. They were interested and said they would like to come along and see the show. When they showed up at the gig, all decked out in piercings and leather, they bumped into their son, who had no inkling of their personal life. That was kind of an interesting situation.

Genitorturers – 120 Days of Genitorture is available now on CD (Under One Flag).

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Roscoe Bowltree Speaks!

An Interview with Porn Auteur Patrick Collins

Anthony Petkovich

Nasty. That's probably the most singular term you can use to describe a Patrick Collins video.

Fetching starlets slurping up jizz like sperm-fed vampires, then – ever so stoically displaying the maxim “share and share alike” – spitting the still-steaming slime juice into one another's mouths (Tiffany Mynx and Nikki Shane sharing Nick East's liquid offering in *The Bottom Dweller*); filthy homemakers literally sitting on (and readily squashing) Black Forest cakes with their luscious, perfectly sculptured flesh muffins, whilst their boyfriends lick the mashed debris of grotesque, brown, excrement-like pastry from their quivering assholes before jamming the proverbial ladle into the bubbling vat of chocolate (intoxicatingly sultry Chelsea Ann playing the galloping whoremom whilst the truly hideous, pug-faced Jack Mann shows how to raise more than your cholesterol level with the proper diet in *Sodomama IV: Further on Down the Road*); outrageous hussies gulping gamete cocktails as the thick nectar is slowly poured out of dirty high heels like molasses in January (the phenomenally intrepid Tiffany Mynx in *Sodomama III: Foreign Objects*); totally unknown, scrumptious European tarts getting their assholes pumped full of knockwurst in public streetcars (Hungarian pepper pot Lara illustrating the goo in goulash in *Buttwoman Does Budapest*). Those are just a sampling of the many classic sleaze concoctions Collins has whipped up over the past year especially for the palate of the truly discriminating pornoholic. Not surprising, Collins' partner in porn is none other than Buttman himself, John Stagliano. During the late 80s, because of his vicissitudinous global gash-gallivanting in Cannes, Amsterdam, London and Rio – to name but(t) a few locales – Stagliano needed someone with necessary

savvy to keep his Evil Angel Productions afloat. Collins fit the picture. Originally an investor from Burlingame, California, Collins has steered the reins of Evil Angel since July of 1989, overseeing the advertising, sales, and distribution of all productions and, consequently, turning Stagliano's erotic cockbusters into financial blockbusters. While managing Evil Angel, Collins also extended his talents in front of the camera, starring as the wily (now cult) character ‘Roscoe Bowltree’ in a number of Bruce Seven kink videos, including *Dark Interludes*, *The Challenge*, *The Power of Summer* and the classic *Face of Fear*. He further succeeded in producing all Elegant Angel videos – an off-shoot of Evil Angel – some of the many titles of which have included the hilarious yet molten *Buttman Versus Buttwoman* and *Buttman's Revenge*. Until just recently Collins figured it was time for Buttman to make way for his own international cunt-and-crack-hunting camcorder. As a result, his first full-length feature, *Buttwoman Does Budapest* – the premier American porn film with an entirely Hungarian cast – is highlighted by an unforgettable line of Magyar mutton capable of making the most chauvinistic Hungarian give up paprika for life to get just a whiff of such delectable Euro-uterus.

A sort of Orson Welles of xxx-rated features, Collins – like Stagliano – is involved in every aspect of his movies. Not only is he producer, director, and co-editor, he also does everything from scripting the film to screwing the actresses (hey, there's something Welles didn't do! – on screen at least). And the results are far from limp. Aside from his Buttwoman saga – which so perfectly compliments Stagliano's Buttman saga – Collins also has his *Sodomama* line of videos which allow serious purveyors of hardcore

filth the pleasure of seeing such scintillating screen strumpets as Tiffany Mynx, Francesca Le, Rebecca Bardoux, Brittany, and Lacy Rose getting brilliantly coriolated by the greasiest of studs. Hoo-ray! Typically the videos are wallowing in a swamp of body fluids. You name the ooze – hey, it's there. Heaping, intemperate spoonfuls of the stuffings of which murky dreams are made.

And, aside from his uncompromising focus on the sleaze factor, Collins makes truly incomparable features because he comes up with the newest, sexiest, as yet uncommercialized European starlets strutting their wares on the filthier corner of the Eastern Block. Gixelle, Axenia, Berlin, Judit, Sasha are just a few names with which to conjure. But wait till you see their fucking bodies! All of 'em with 100%, honest to goodness *real* tits too. Amen!

And if all that's not reason enough to envy him, Collins is also married to Tianna. What a lucky fucker!

HEADPRESS *So who's Roscoe Bowltree?*

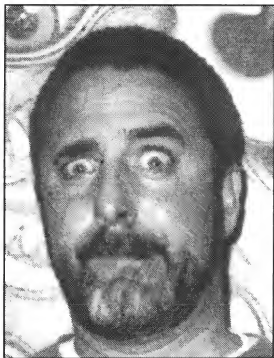
PATRICK COLLINS (laughs) It's the name of a guy who used to collect money. I picked it up years ago because I always thought it was kind of a cool name, you know. (shifts his eyes, over-dramatizing) "Roscoe Bowl-tree" (laughs) But you know, I'm proud of what I do, so I always use my real name on the production end of it. My name as a star in the movies themselves is Roscoe Bowltree. I've always done cameos in a lot of Evil Angel productions just because, you know, I have fun doing it. But the funny thing is I meet people and they go, "Aren't you... Roscoe Bowltree?" And we start talking and they find out that I'm Patrick Collins and they never even knew. People in the business know my identity, but the fans don't.

You've done a lot of filming in Hungary, what with Buttwoman Does Budapest, Tianna's Hungarian Connection, Buttwoman Back in Budapest and now Depravity On the Danube. Aside from the gorgeous females over there, what's the attraction to such a relatively distant locale?

This is getting a little ahead of the story, but the truth is after my association with John and Bruce Seven, I knew I was going to be compared to them in my directorial style. And so I went to Budapest to shoot my first movie. And I did it because I didn't want anyone saying, "Oh well, Bruce must've been on the set, or John was on the set." I didn't want any of that. And so far so good. But as far as shooting videos in Europe, I don't want to ever do it again, it's so difficult. Oh god, it costs me three times as much money. I make the same amount of money here. I don't add to the price of the video because I really care about the consumer. That's why I got into the business.

How did you meet your wife Tianna?

I met her at a social function in Palm Springs in 1988. I rode my bike up there with a bunch of my friends and was exhausted, it'd been real hot all day. It was at night at a dance. I don't like to dance, but I was looking for some company, you know. So I went into this dance hall, there was no place to sit down, I had to sit on the floor, I was tired, and then I was pissed. And she came up to me and asked me if I wanted to dance and I said "No!" I didn't look at her, I just said no. Thank god my friend was sitting next to me on the floor and he *hits* me like this (imitates elbowing) and he goes, "What's wrong with you man. Look at her." And I looked up and I'll never forget it. She was wearing a suede thing, with little straps of suede all over her, and this light was coming through, and I looked at her.



Roscoe Bowltree today

(laughs) I got up real quick, went over to her and said, "Well, we don't have to dance. But let's talk." And we started talking, and I liked her. She's actually my fishing buddy, you know. She loves to fish. Actually, on one of my first dates with her we went fishing. It's one of the things we love to do.

And the truth of the matter is, early on I said to her "I don't date girls that aren't bisexual." And she said "Well, I had a girlfriend for a year. Is that good enough?" She came back with that one so quick I just said, "Absolutely." I was kind of blown away.

What do you think of the scene in In Between the Cheeks II with Tianna and Heather Lere fucking in the trash bin?

I only heard about it. Never saw it. But I can guarantee if it was with Heather Lere and Tianna, it was probably pretty good. And besides, Greg Dark does some really nasty stuff. He's my kind of guy. But I don't know him that well personally.

Do Tianna and you work together regularly?

We try not to. First off, she's my wife, she's my friend, right? When I'm directing and producing a movie, it's very important to me that everything goes right. So if there's a problem over here, say, I have a tendency to be harder on her than I would be on other people. And it's unfair to her. This time when she was in Budapest she was only there for like eight days. I was there for three weeks. She made the one movie and she left. That was our agreement before we left. It's very stressful for her.

She does the dance circuits too, doesn't she?

No

No more?

No. She never really did. She's a dancer and really loves to dance, but we've got three dogs, two cats and she hasn't really had the inclination to do that. What she really likes are the fantasy booths. She really likes those because there's an interaction with the guys, and she can see the immediate reactions - the guy gets a hard-on, you know, she likes that, she's very much an exhibitionist. And she likes dancing too. She's danced at the Market St. (Cinema) and at the Century (Theatre) here in the city. But just locally, she's never been out on the road. She's thinking more about it now because I made a deal with her just the other day. I told her if she wants to get this new house, she has to dance at least once every three months. (laughs) And so she said she would. She's got a big name, there's a big demand for her to be out there, so she might as well capitalize on it.

Does Tianna just star in girl/girl movies now?

Not really, no. I was just in Hungary and I shot *Buttwoman Back In Budapest*, and she does guys in that. In fact she does her first anal scene. That's the sequel to *Buttwoman In Budapest*. I just came back from there.

I heard you also went to Yugoslavia.

No. I'd visited Yugoslavia for six days in 1990, but I didn't go there this time. It's pretty chaotic over there right now. I'd been to Medjugorje, a very special place where these visionaries are seeing the Blessed Mother, the six kids. It's an incredible place.

Beautiful women too.

Oh *god*, are you kidding? Those Dalmatian women, man, they're like some of the most beautiful in the world - so are Hungarian women. Incredible.

So how did both you and your wife get connected with the porn scene?

I think it was January of 89 we got into the business. And we basically got into it because my wife and I always liked fooling around with other girls.

Swinging?

To a degree. But not really in the textbook sense. Because a lot of these swinger parties, they're full of older people, in their 70s, kinda out of shape and unattractive, you know. And a girlfriend of ours, Raven Richards, who used to be in the business, we were over her place one night, and my wife, who, again, is very much of an exhibitionist said "Do you think I could do this?" And we thought it would be a way to add some vitality to our sex life. And Raven said "Honey, if I ever met anyone who would be great at this, you're the one." And that's how we really got into it. She shot her first movie for Scotty Fox. A couple of weeks later I met Bruce Seven, who is one of my heroes. Then a couple months later I met John, and Tianna worked for him. John had started *Evil Angel* in January of 89, and he was having some problems with the company. Not in the productions but with the running of the company. And so he and I talked around July of 89, and we shared a lot of the same principles. And I said "Hey, I'm interested." I was in the investment business and had no idea that I was going to get into this, so we started this thing. And I did everything. I did the sales, shipping, the distributing end of it, everything in this little tiny office. Then I started to produce, and what happened is John and I started *Elegant Angel* as 50/50 partners, with Bruce directing the all-girl movies for us. And we paid Bruce a fee for doing that. Then Bruce decided to get into his own bondage film company, Bruce Seven Productions. Now I own all of *Elegant Angel*. John still has *Evil Angel*, and he still owns half of the productions we did as a team.

*So after managing *Evil Angel*, you're starting from zero with *Elegant Angel Productions* and making your own films.*

Right. And I'm still pretty much involved in every aspect, even the design of the box and shooting still pictures for it. I learned that from John. As far as the editing, I don't do the mechanical end because my cameraman Michael Cates is also my editor. As far as the camera is concerned, I consider him to be the best in the business. We hired him full-time about a year-and-a-half ago.

*What was your first *Elegant Angel* feature under this setup?*

I started with *Sodomama III* I think I shot so many movies over the past three months, I can't tell you who stars in which. I shot just three over the last three weeks in Hungary. What happens when you're doing that much is you get a bit confused, because you're actually shooting three different movies at the same time. So one day I can shoot a scene for one movie, but the next day I'm shooting a scene for another movie. I had 27½ hours worth of tape on *Buttwoman Does Budapest*.

How come you shoot in that manner? Is it cheaper to keep the cameras rolling constantly?

The truth is it's not that. But I want what I want. When I did *Buttwoman Does Budapest* it took me three days to figure out how to get that streetcar. Let me tell ya, the movie was just released three weeks ago in Budapest, and there's a big political thing going on there right now because of that scene. When we shot that scene, we literally were going through town filming on the streetcar – people were at the stops. Tianna's playing with her pussy, these people in the adjoining car are fucking, and these citizens are waiting for the streetcar to stop and they're looking right in the window.

How come it didn't stop?

Because I owned it. (laughs) I bought it. We bribed the conductor with boxes of candy and that kind of stuff. I did it through an interpreter. It took days to figure out.

It's really a terrifically shot scene, what with all the various angles and the entire notion of filming it on a moving, public streetcar.

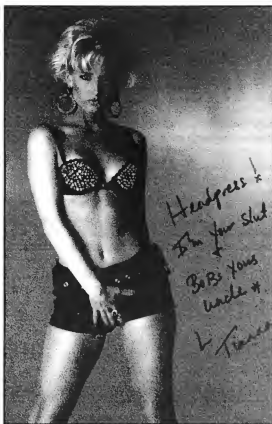
Well it's something I don't think that's ever been done before.

I hot anal scene too. That Lara's absolutely gorgeous.

She's my latest one too. Lara. Yeah, yeah. With those big lips. That's her boyfriend who fucked her in the streetcar. He's a very nice guy. I like him. He worked for me again while I was there. In fact he did the anal scene with Tianna in *Buttwoman Back In Budapest* along with this other guy Frank whom I used in the wine cellar scene in the first Budapest film. You know, the foot-washing scene in the wine cellar with the maid.

Right. That scene's got another pair of fantastic-looking women in it. Since we're on the subject, this whole foot thing in your videos, do you want to elaborate on that?

I love feet. I love them. And, you know, in almost all my movies you'll see something about feet, toe sucking – but only pretty feet.



Mrs Patrick Collins.

So who's your favourite actress?

Tiffany Mynx. Nasty as hell, man. Girl loves to fuck. In *Sodomama II* she gets fucked in the ass. There's a lot of build up and tease. But the final thing is this guy fucking her feet. She's laying down on her stomach, he's holding her feet here (leans forward towards coffee table with hands clasped together above head to illustrate) and they're all lubed up and her old man's in front of her and she's sucking his dick. And then, the high-heeled shoes that she'd taken off earlier, at the end of the scene one guy comes in one shoe, the other guy comes in the other shoe, and she drinks the come out of the high heels. That was her idea! That was her idea! She's great. I love it. Better than champagne (laughs). I don't know I love her though, she's great. But the bitch didn't show up in Budapest and I'm pissed off at her for that – you can put that in print – and she knows it. She was supposed to show up in Budapest. She got on the plane, freaked out, and never came. It's a long story. At any rate she had some emotional problems, apparently to the point where the plane had left the gate, she freaked out, and they had to call the airport police to unload her luggage. You know, she's 21-years-old, she's got a kid, maybe she was worried about leaving the kid

behind. I dunno what it was. We haven't spoken since I got back

They're trying to pawn off that foot thing as Tiffany Mynx's fetish. You see her doing it a lot in videos now.

Well, she does it in a lot of my videos.

I don't recall you screwing Tiffany in Sodo II, but you come on her toes.

Actually I did screw her.

But not on camera.

Well, I did on camera. But actually it was very short. What had happened was we started that scene late at night. We met out in the parking lot of that Las Vegas strip club and all that. It was really late at night, so when we started doing the scene, you know, I got real tired, she was tired, my cameraman was tired, it's like three o'clock in the morning, and I said "You know, let's just redo this in the morning." So we did the tease and the foot thing.

What about Francesca Le?

Oh, I love her. She's wonderful.

That snarl of her's, is that for real?

Oh yeah. She's nasty as hell.

She kind of reminds me of a younger Elle Rio. Remember her?

Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. She's incredible, she's incredible. Francesca's not in the business any more. She actually married some girl, from what I understand. Lately though, I've heard that she's not together with her. She's really special. I don't ever use girls that don't make my dick hard. There's just some types that don't, and it just doesn't matter how great looking they are. Like Christie Brinkley. Christy Brinkley's a great looking girl but (laughs) forget it, you know, I'd rather jack off.

So how long does it take you to film a 90-minute feature?

I don't do 90-minute features. Most of mine are two hours and 20 minutes.

Why's that?

Because it's the most quality, high-graded backed tape you can put on one cassette – two hours and 20 minutes. I'll shoot say five scenes, usually end up with about 12½ hours of raw footage, and then edit that down to two hours and

20 minutes.

That seems to be the length Stagghano aims for too. The tapes are long. I was at a video store the other day and rented a Buttman video and the guy behind the counter mentioned how long they are, how he loves 'em because he gets the most for his money. Of course, he doesn't have to rent the films since he works there.

Did you see *Face Dance*? It's four hours and 40 minutes on two cassettes. I charged for each cassette and added 20% to the entire package, and most of the distributors said "You're outta your fucking mind. We won't pay the price, we won't buy it." And I said "That's alright. Don't buy it." But they bought it.

But porn hasn't really been hit by the recession. I mean, sex is always gonna be in demand.

It's not affected in the way you might think. I think it's affected because people become more selective when they spend their money. So what the recession has done is build my business while it's declined for others in the industry, because I give more for the money.

How much does it typically cost to make a video? Or is the figure constantly fluctuating?

It's hard to say because I own the company, my cameraman's on salary, and everything else. So, to break it down – actually my brother's working on the computer to break this whole thing down per production. But I can tell you this, it costs me about 100 grand to go to Europe for three weeks. Between \$80 and \$100,000. And that's no box covers, nothing else, that's just to shoot the movie. It's really expensive.

What's one of your favourite scenes in your latest movie?

The one I shot in Hungary⁹. That'll be *Depravity on the Danube*. Sodo I! Euro-American will come after that one. I shot *Depravity* at the Club Maximal in Budapest. There's a girl who does a dance with three lit candles. She does this dance with these candles, it's so sexy, just like dragging them along her arms and around her breasts and stuff. And she's really sexy too. She's got these incredible blue eyes. Some people have a way with the camera, they're very intimate with it. And that's how she is. She ends up with wax all over her – I mean this is *hot* wax. There's black marks under her breasts from the candle and stuff. It's just a real seductive thing that happens. I'll tell you something, I gave her a \$100 bonus just for the dance she did – and that was before she even did her sex scene – because it was that incredible.

It's that gypsy blood in these Hungarian women that make

them so hot, hmm?

You know, this girl might have had a little gypsy in her, I don't know. She was more Latin-looking, but with bluer eyes than some of the more Nordic-looking women. I also have scenes in *Depravity*, which I shot outside. Whenever I can, I like to film a lot of stuff outside (laughs).

Tianna really seems to love her girl-girl scenes. She orchestrates them so well and really seems to love women's asses.

And the thing is, you know, she is into it. And she always knows where the camera is. Yet the Buttwoman films are entirely different than John's series. But it's based on the same premise. Actually it was John's idea to create Buttwoman and have Tianna do it.

There are a lot of articles and x-rated newsclips which state that Tianna directed Buttman versus Buttwoman. Any truth to those?

No, not at all. Bruce Seven (and John Stagliano) directed it.

Is Bruce still married to Bianca?

Well, they're still married. They don't live together, but they are married, yeah. I'll tell you a story that kind of summarizes what Bruce is all about. When I first met Bruce we talked on the phone actually, we hadn't even met - I

told him what Tianna's rate was. And it was higher than most of the girls at that time. He said "No, I can't pay that." And I said "Well, okay, I understand." And Bruce said "I have to pay \$100 more." He taught me a very valuable lesson: If a girl asks me for x number of dollars and I can give her more, I always give her more. Because what we're really talking about is people, and you're talking about really bartering over their body and their looks and their personality. And it's a very difficult thing on them emotionally. It can be. I know this from my own personal experience with myself and my wife. And so, as a result, if they ask me for so much money for a scene, I almost always give them more. It's like the girl that danced for me in Hungary. I mean, I was gonna pay what I was gonna pay. But when she did the dance thing, I loved it so much, I gave her another \$100. Because you're talking about how people feel about themselves, and you can say so much more because this is their product - their performance. And so I'm saying you're worth more. I believe that these girls are in a difficult situation. You know, they need to make a living. They need to pay rent and everything else, and sometimes they gotta deal with assholes who are going to take advantage of them and pay them a lot less or make them work a lot longer and a lot harder or trick them into doing another scene and paying them only for one, you know, which happens in the business.

What about the whole censorship thing going on in the States? As a director and producer in the industry are you



Left to right: Bruce Seven, Patrick Collins, John "Buttman" Stagliano.

more conscious of it? For example, the whole ordeal with Nina Hartley getting arrested in Vegas, and that sort of incident? *

Well first off, that whole Vegas thing was Bill Margold's fault. He's a punk and a fraud. Bill Margold is a misogynist, that's what Bill Margold is. Bill Margold is a blow hard who's very well educated and very capable of manipulating naïveté, okay? Bill Margold got into this business, it's my assertion, because he's homely as hell, and when he went to school every girl rejected him. And he was intelligent enough to know that this might be an opportunity for him to get some pussy. He's a good bullshitter. My only encounter with him in the very beginning was he tried to rip my wife off and I told him basically that he would either double her fee and cut out a scene, or I would take the Beta camera that they were using and stick it up his ass.

What happened?

We got the money and the scene was dropped. And, you know, after that, I wrote an open letter to him in *Adult Video News* and immediately after that, the x-rated critics organisation which he headed collapsed because I said to all these critics – and they called me and agreed with me – “How can you look at yourself in the fucking mirror and associate yourself with a guy like this?” And so they all agreed with me, and the thing came apart. Still, he gets some kind of adulation... he'd been warned, from what I understand, the year before by the Las Vegas police, who told him if he ever did anything like this again, they'd bust him, and not to come back, not to do it. Okay? But he still did it, and he subjected all these girls to big problems. Now, on top of that, he associated himself with this other fucking prick – and I hope that you quote me directly when I say this – who... the story goes he filmed... I forget his name... I forget his name right now...

Ed Powers?

No, no. Not Ed Powers. That's a whole 'nother story. Ed is a sweet guy. We've had our differences but he's a sweet guy. I like Ed Powers.

But it's like, people in this industry like to deceive themselves about their reality sometime. I don't know. It's not just this industry. It's all of us to a degree.

But censorship keeps us in the business. I'll give you an example. In Eastern Europe you walk down a street and you see bookstore after bookstore after bookstore. I've never been anywhere in the world that I've seen so many bookstores. And I talked to this guy there and asked him, “Man, what's with all these bookstores?”

“For years under communist regime,” he said, “we couldn't read a lot of these books. People really treasure the books.” If you want to make anything big, make it illegal like alcohol in the 20s – or pornography and nude



Collins and Anthony Petkovich

dancing during the 90s. It doesn't matter. If you want to make it big, then censorship is necessary. (laughs) Pretty sick, huh? What made the Mafia? It's an amazing thing you know.

Still, I hate censorship though. To think of the audacity of some son-of-a-bitch telling me what the fuck I can do in my own house, with whoever I want. I mean, it's an amazing thing. I can't even imagine people would want to do that. Especially in the light of the fact that it doesn't work. (laughs) It works with just the opposite effect the censors intended it to.

The same applies to prostitution

You know, if you make prostitution legal, it's not that big a deal. You go to any country where it's legal and the locals probably use them very rarely.

So how do you choose the actresses in your features?

I like girls who fuck.

Bisexual girls?

No, they don't have to be bisexual. Some girls like anal, some girls like to suck dick. I wanna know what they like, what turns 'em on.

* Nina Hartley was one of 11 porn actresses to be busted in January of 1993, during an anti-censorship ‘lingerie show’. Following blowjobs on members of the audience, dildos, and anal sex – during a closing lesbian threesome – Las Vegas vice moved in and stopped the show. The ‘Fighting For Your Freedom’ benefit gig, one of several live events organised by Bill Margold, is said to have met with some disdain within the industry.

The second and final part of this interview – in which Patrick Collins talks of pricks, phoneys, breast implants and Francis Ford Coppola – will appear in *Headpress 2*, together with exclusive shots from the man's movies and Anthony Petkovich reviewing *Sado II*, *Sado III*, *Foreign Objects* and more!!

From hell

SOFT MACHINERY

Steve Green

Sexual intercourse might indeed have been invented in 1963, as Philip Larkin once opined, "Between the end and the Chatterly ban / And the Beatles' first LP", but it took a further four years for yours truly to become aware of it.

It must have been a Friday or Saturday evening, since my parents had allowed their seven year-old son to stay up for Granada's weekly movie review *Cinema*. As the presenter headed towards the commercial break, he cued in a clip from the newly-released *Barbarella*, in which the insane scientist Durand Durand slides the eponymous heroine into his Excessive Machine; no sooner had items of her clothing begun to disgorge themselves from a slot at the torture device's base than the adverts rolled.

I don't think my parents were even watching the programme, and they certainly weren't aware of the tension I was experiencing as the seconds ticked away and the promised continuation of the extract approached. Nor was that tension lessened when it finally arrived, as the now-naked Jane Fonda (her nudity evident by implication rather than exhibition, of course; this was 1967, after all) mimed an orgasm so apocalyptic that she fried the electronics. Okay, so maybe Meg Ryan's restaurant routine in *When Harry Met Sally* was a mite more feasible (although no less theatrical), but Fonda's perspiration-drenched performance was *primo erotica*.

In retrospect, the imagery was pure SM, but I was rather too young to latch onto that aspect; instead, it imbedded in my psyche a profound (albeit nascent) lust for the raven-haired Ms Fonda, simultaneously awakened and reinforced when I finally caught the complete movie in my early teens. Even now, I get an instant hard-on whenever I meet alien blondes in thigh-length plastic boots and see-through brassières. Especially the females.

Most sex is like that: learned behaviour. One of the psychologists consulted for Channel 4's serial killer documentary *To Kill and Kill Again* reckoned that America had no history of gas mask fetishism because its citizens never shared the British experience of sheltering from German air raids during the Second World War. The roots of Jeffrey Dahmer's paraphilia, meanwhile, lay in the coincidence of his childhood experiments with gathered

roadkill and puberty; the overlap between death and desire proved a recipe for homicidal necrophilia and cannibalism

Which leads me to wonder what lessons our own culture is currently absorbing from the barrage of advertisements, magazine features and TV images which daily pummels our consciousness. Wear the right cologne, eat the right ice cream and drink the right coffee, and you seem guaranteed a night of sleepless passion (although the coffee apparently takes four years to work, so it's only recommended for the extremely patient).

Of course, you could always invest in one of the numerous video sex manuals which sneaked hardcore bonking back onto the rental shelves in the autumn of 1991, after a gap of more than six years. Quite how Pickwick convinced the British Board of Film Classification that penetrative sex could evade the censor's scissors so long as Dr Andrew Stanway popped up from behind his desk first to offer a

few handy hints, is difficult to say, but *The Lover's Guide* opened the floodgates, with VCI's *Love Variations: Inspiration for Lovers* one of the more absurd subsequent entries (there's no attempt to educate, not



Fetishism is learned.

[Art: Andy Hullock]

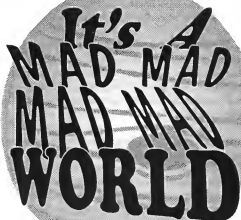
least because there's no dialogue, just a series of sexual positions demonstrated in various rooms).

What worries me is the psychological imprinting these videos could be responsible for, as an entire generation gains its first sexual conditioning in the company of a grey-haired GP whose delivery is only marginally more effective than Group Four. Five years from now, might the likes of Irma Kurtz and Miriam Stoppard be deluged with enquiries from those unable to achieve orgasm unless a middle-aged doctor stands in attendance and shouts directions?

Me, I support a return to Victorian values. After all, any woman whose husband sported a bolt through his wedding tackle has got to be worth emulating.

Reference

'Annus Mirabilis', Philip Larkin.
To Kill and Kill Again, Channel 4, 12 December 1993.



It's A MAD MAD MAD MAD WORLD

Here are the latest crop of Weirdos spotted on our glorious planet!

I feel I must tell you about this bonkers chap I saw behaving in a somewhat peculiar manner. He was standing on the edge of the pavement with the tips of his scuffed shoes just overhanging the kerb. He was motionless, save for the fidgeting in his pockets. He seemed to be staring at a fixed object on the opposite side of the road but I couldn't figure what. A couple, some yards ahead, also noticed the oddball and looked at each other with puzzled faces. As I drew closer to the buffoon I noticed the reason for their mirth. The sorry geek had an *apple* balanced on the crown of his head. The fruit was red and well polished. The man didn't speak, just stared across the road as though awaiting an arrow launched from a crossbow.

Julie Scott Sheffield

As crazy sightings go, I recently saw a man in the centre of Nottingham viciously trying to out-stare a letterbox. Every time I thought he had given up he would walk away about two metres then spin around and glare at it with increased intensity, occasionally muttering. Quite unnerving, who knows what dark secrets post boxes conceal? Please continue making the world a better place.

Matt Grundy Nottingham

The Scientist

This small bloke has been hanging around in Leicester's Victoria Park and surrounding streets for at least as long as I've been crossing the park with any frequency (ie about 14 years). Sometimes he just wears ordinary, if rather tatty,

clothes, but in his most characteristic mode he wears a long white lab coat (hence 'The Scientist') and a flat cap. His neck is richly festooned with necklaces, many of which appear to be made out of such things as bottle tops and old wing mirrors off cars. His lab coat is decorated with dozens of button badges. He often carries a large stick which is similarly adorned with rattly jingly things, and he stands in the middle of roundabouts and traffic islands shaking his stick at passing traffic and chanting. I have seen him probing the ground in the park with his totem stick in a "scientific" manner. Once he was going round the park whacking all the trees with his stick, and when I asked him what he was doing, he said he was checking that their bark was thick enough for the coming winter.

Rubber Man

Rubber Man can usually be spotted around Victoria Park (again?), or on Queen's Road early in the morning, especially if it's rainy or misty. I suspect that he uses the inclement weather as a flimsy pretext for his attire as he's always encased in shiny black rubber – a long belted trenchcoat and knee-length wellies. He has thick swept-back grey hair, which, together with his gleaming black trenchcoat, makes him resemble a vampire or mad SS doctor. Once, as I was passing him, his coat flapped aside to reveal bare thighs – whether he actually wears *anything* at all underneath his trenchcoat, I've been unable to determine, but if he does, I think it's safe to assume that it's nothing very normal. Apart from this bizarre costume, though, he looks like quite a respectable old gent, and he's often accompanied by an ordinary-looking middle-aged woman who, I guess, is his long-suffering wife.

Wig Man

Whether he's still there I can't say, but whilst I was living in Cambridge a few years ago, he worked as a doorman at the cinema on St Andrew's Street. His wig was absurd enough itself, being a blazing carrot orange in hue, and seemingly constructed out of nylon fan scourers. But the classic touch which elevated him far above the prosaic masses of mere funny wig-wearers, and which makes him worthy of memorialization here, was that he wore his *real* hair, which was grey, shoulder-length *a la* Crypt-Keeper, so that it protruded from the lower edge of the wig, which was only short-back-and-sides in length. I've often wondered if he *really* believed that his appearance was enhanced by the wearing of this appendage, and I wondered still more how he could fail to notice the waves of hilarity that greeted his appearance in any public place. Perhaps he just thought that the world was a happy, jolly place, in which people were always smiling and laughing.

Simon Collins Leicester

Have you encountered any bizarre characters recently? If so, send your weird tales to the by now familiar address. Photos too are always accepted with great enthusiasm, so why not put those cheap cardboard cameras to some worthwhile use!

LOVESONGS

without women

an interview with klaus beyer
Jörg Buttgerreit

Many greetings to you from Ried, sent by Klaus.
Up to now it has rained every day. Today is the
first sunny day. I have walked to Loder, the next
village. A beautiful forest walk. Here is a lovely
country view. Afterwards we went further to the
village and services. Here I had a ride on the
underground. It was the first Hovermail in the
world. In the evening went back to Ried.

Klaus sends many greetings to you from Venice.
Today we had an excursion by VW bus to Italy.
Then by ferry to Venice. The bus driver explained
to us the rough outlines of Venice. Then we were on
our own. It is an old city, full of half-decaying
houses. And all in water. The gondoliers take their
gondolas on trips under all the bridges. The whole
city is without cars, as the narrow passages were
only built as footways.

Original postcards from
Klaus Beyer to Frank Behnke,
Summer 1993.

Klaus Beyer is 41. His job is candlemaker. He also makes lovely films with his Super-8 camera, together with a witty, singing soundtrack. That is good. It was in his room in Berlin-Kreuzberg that the first – long overdue – interview with Klaus Beyer took place. Jörg Buttgerreit wanted to know: *Who is this strange person who appears in his own Super-8 films?* Part-time Beyer manager and Beatles expert, Frank Behnke, was also present at the interview.

JÖRG BUTTGERREIT How did it all begin? When did you make your first film?

KLAUS BEYER Twenty years ago I received a movie camera as a birthday present from my father. It was something I'd always wanted. So I started filming – the countryside, the houses, cars, the family going to the zoo, ferry rides. Then I got the idea: I could film myself. Previously all I had was a stills camera; I wanted moving films. The first film I made by myself was in 1980 – *A Move to the Left, A Move to the Right*. That is what my sister observed of my father when eating sweets. "Move to the left and move to the right brings out all the flavour." That had interested me. So when I made my first film I included it.

BUTTGERREIT I had never been particularly interested in the Beatles. My first serious examination of them came through seeing you. How do you explain your obsession with the Beatles? How many Beatles treatments have you done up to now?

BEYER Yes, the Beatles are very versatile. They bring more Art into music. They bring Rock, Ballads, Blues and Country also. That is so versatile it interested me very much. I have done three Beatles albums up to now: the 'White Album', *Magical Mystery Tour*, and *Sgt Pepper Yellow Submarine* is in the works.

BUTTGERREIT But who puts the words into German before you sing them in your films?

BEYER I have often played the Beatles, but my mother speaks no English at all. So I thought I must translate them so my mother can understand them. When I finish a film I show it to her first.

BUTTGEREIT Do your parents like your films?

BEYER To some extent, yes. Many are, to them, in some ways absurd. For example: 'I am the Walrus' or 'Happiness is a Warm Gun'. These they do not like because they don't understand the words. But 'Ob-La-Di Ob-La-Da' they especially like.

BUTTGEREIT What does 'Ob-La-Di Ob-La-Da' mean?

FRANK BEHNKE Paul McCartney got the inspiration from an African line.

BUTTGEREIT How do you translate? It appears you expose the simplicity of the English text in your translations.

BEYER No, not so. That is not the case. Right from the beginning, when I became fascinated with the Beatles, I bought a Beatles songbook. In it were all the words, so I was able to do the correct words.



BUTTGEREIT One only ever sees you in your films. Is anyone else behind the camera? Do you do it all alone?

BEYER I make everything alone. Therefore I am satisfied. This comes out naturally on the film. But when I have a big project, I am pleased if other people are there. For *Bungalow Bill* my sister was on camera. She used a tripod to reduce any wobble. We filmed it during a visit by friends and they all sang with me. I also make all the costumes myself. I tried to hire a costume for *Sgt Pepper*, but when I asked no one had any.

BUTTGEREIT That was, so to speak, your first big one.

BEYER Yes, you could say that.

BUTTGEREIT Both *Our German Forest* and *Hamster in Glass* have words and music by you. Is this something you do often? Is this a new self-consciousness after your Beatles songs?

BEYER Oh no, there is no resemblance. Sometimes I do Beatles; sometimes myself. To do my own is wonderful.

BUTTGEREIT Can you explain a little about your animated film *Hamster in Glass*.

BEYER I can't explain it simply. It is done with stop/motion film. And overall, not from the Beatles. It was an idea that simply came to mind. I don't know why. So I wrote it and filmed it the next day.

BUTTGEREIT You also don't own a hamster?

BEYER No.

BUTTGEREIT There is a wonderful sounding voice, and it matches the picture exactly.

BEYER Yes, the sound is simple but faster. I matched it exactly with the length of film.

BUTTGEREIT How did you come up with the idea of the clock? The hamster travels in a circle clinging to the hand of a clock.

BEYER Just simply came to me in my mind. Why, I don't know. Sometimes I wake up at night and write things down.

BUTTGEREIT It appears to me that the hamster wants to halt time.

BEYER Yes.

BUTTGEREIT And at the end to be somewhere pure.

BEYER That is the genuine thing.

BEHNKE I believe the film comes in for many possible interpretations. The hamster will stop time, then go to sleep in the heavens. He will then be free.

BUTTGEREIT It appears to me that, with the exception of *Promise For You*, there are no women in your films. Any women are filmed direct from TV or from photographs. And this even though all your songs are love songs.

BEYER That is because I make all my films alone.

BUTTGEREIT Will you let us in on a secret – Who is the woman in *Promise For You* that you appear to kiss just before the end?

BEYER That is a neighbour of my mother. Gabi Poschmann. We are often together. I have made one other film with her – *Rocky Racoon*, from the 'White Album'. We made the film in a room using a self-timer. For the

outside shots, Gabi filmed a little of her friends. After Gabi had seen my films at home, she said why not try and show them at the cinema. I had made films for four or five years and never thought of that.

BUTTGEREIT At your cinema shows – and at your live shows (where you sing with music from a band) – there is always much laughter. How is this? Do you, in the first place, go out to make the audience laugh?

BEYER I try to amuse. For the film *Mrs Kreuzberger*, I had to give thought to it. Sometimes the laughter must come from what is heard, as in *Our German Forests*.

BEHNKE How is it for you when you appear live and the people laugh a lot. Is it depressing or pleasant?

BEYER No, they have simply not understood what I am getting at, and therefore they laugh. That I understand.

BEHNKE Do you get stagefright?

BEYER At my first live performance in the Oranienstrasse, in Trash – just before I started to sing my voice went. That was stagefright. But when I rehearsed with Gabi and she sang with me, then it became much better. When the public began to clap – I believe it was *The Sun Comes* – then I was inspired and I became much better. I would sing the next song much better. Today it is not so bad.

BUTTGEREIT Is contact with your public essential?

BEYER Yes. I change from time to time and it makes singing fun.

BUTTGEREIT Where do you work when you're not making films?

BEYER I work as a candlemaker. We work 35 hours a week and have Fridays free. For making the candles, we have two large cylinders. First, the wick is covered in nine stages, and the 10th stage a millimetre of strong wax is added which gives the candle strength. Sometimes it is very exhausting – then I need to relax. This is where the films come in. Sometimes I don't do much; I just laze about. See this shelf here [points to a shelf, very unsteady, full of videos, looking ready to collapse] and the table on which are more...? This is not such a small hobby.

BEHNKE Do you need an overall main plan before you get the ideas for your camera work, say for the Beatles or other films you do?

BEYER Seldom. Quite seldom.

BUTTGEREIT Are the pictures we see your ideas? Was it



also your idea in *Magical Mystery Tour* to do a whole two minute 'search for the bird' sequence, till, at the end of the picture, there it is?

BEYER Yes.

BUTTGEREIT How do you work out the music?

BEYER I take the music from a record track and sing over it. Sometimes the original voice can be heard. In earlier times I deleted it; cut out the voice.

BUTTGEREIT You look somewhat younger than your 41 years. What do you believe is responsible for your young looks?

BEYER [laughs] That I cannot say. Perhaps it's the life style I live. I do not smoke; drink little or seldom. I don't party a lot and I live modestly. My family also live a peaceful life.

BUTTGEREIT Finally, the standard question: What have you for us in the future?

BEYER I am working on the *Yellow Submarine*. This will be an hour long, like *Sgt Pepper*, and an animated film. This, you could say, is the middle wave of my four Beatles films.

BUTTGEREIT Will there be any underwater filming?

BEYER Perhaps, perhaps... only drawn.

BUTTGEREIT Now we will take the photographs. Through which the readers will see what you are like.

Klaus Beyer's *The Videocassette*, with 13 short films and commentary by Beyer, is available from J&B Cbr, Postf., 1621, 25806 Husum, Germany.



□ Thanks to the wonderful monopolizing grunts at Tower Records I've finally got a way to secure copies of your magazine, and well worth the search it was – just perusing over #7 now, and still shuddery over #6.

I used to have this recurring dream that I was at an x-rated bookstore and I was hassling the guy behind the counter about where he kept "the Hard Stuff." He'd take me over to the bondage S&M junk and I'd go "No man, the Hard Stuff." He'd take me into the back room and under dark sodium lights, pull open big black shelves filled with things like 'Dog Fucker' and amputee porn. I'd go, "What do I look like, some simp? I said fuckin' Hard Stuff!"

So he'd open this trap-door in the floor and fish around in the dark, come up with something soaking wet and wrapped in black plastic, "Here," he'd say, "just don't open it until you get home, ok?"

Every time I got home and tore off the plastic I'd get a quick glimpse and then I'd wake up.

Headpress is the closest so far to that blurry splattered vision just before I wake. Something about the starkness of the layout scares the hell out of me . . .

Ken McIntyre, Cambridge, USA

See Culture Guide for info on Ken's Bullet Proof

□ Further to your fascinating article on the sexual abuse of animals, I thought you might enjoy this anecdote from that indispensable tome *The book of Erotic Failures*: it appears that gardening duty is a particular pleasure for many prisoners, as they can fill a jam-jar with worms and use it as a masturbatory device, "not quite like the real thing but not at all bad." I ponder, as I often do about such things, as to what would happen should one of the slimy little bastards decide to lodge itself in the poor felon's urethra!! Love and wormy kisses,

Mix Dick, Gatwick

Depends on the type of worm. Mix. There was a medical case involving an African man whose groin and penis were infected with screw worms. The thread-like creatures bored several extra urethras into his piss-pole. Each time he took a leak he sprayed like a watering can!

□ Bestiality? Headpress has gone to the dogs. If the fountain of youth didn't bug you, try this one . . . Japanese Bee Jar. O.K, first you get the jar – preferably a hundred-year-old ceramic one – but any old raspberry seedless will probably suffice. Then . . . bees – two or three dozen. Whatever your local strain is just make sure they're the ones that sting.

Next, put the bees in the jar. How? How the fuck should I know you sad bastards? O.K. Cover the top with rice paper and seal – rubber band, glue, whatever – nice and tight. Few little holes – maybe so the bees can breathe. This is it, we approach the final stage, very nice. Now you have to get yourself an erection. To save time you can use the other hand to shake the 7 shades of shit out of the jar. Everybody buzzing? Good, now concentrate – you've gotta do this just right. Get it lined up and with one swift push put your dick into the jar. That's right, plunge on into the six-legged house party. Got this far? Good. You are now literally into 'The Jar'. The initial unbearable agony will not last too long and once you've got all the dead bugs off your wang you'll have the ultimate hyper-sensitive three-day boner. It'll be grotesquely swollen to several times its normal size and you won't even be able to fit it in a sock

Mike Matthews, Manchester

I think I'll pass on this one. My appendage would have to suffer countless numbers of bee stings before it would swell enough to even loosely fit in a sock! Ed
(That's the other editor, not me. Mine won't fit in a sock even now! Ed)

He probably means an Action Man sock. Ed

[No he doesn't. Ed's wife.]

Hey! How would you know? C'mon explain yourself. Ed.
(Erm . . . Oh look everybody, another letter . . . Ed.)

□ I was alarmed to read in last issue's *Animal Magic* that the author considered gerontophilia to be a perversion! Having had many relationships with both genders over a period of several years I have to admit that the current one is indubitably the most fascinating and satisfying. My partner is 74-years-old and she is still very sexually active. The process of ageing adds transformations to the body that I find heighten eroticism. For instance, the pubic hair disappears leaving the labia fully exposed and accessible; the breasts atrophy but the nipples enlarge (to the size of the last joint of my thumb in this case!); dentures can be removed to improve other activities, and a looseness in the rear adds much more interest to any proctological explorations. Keep your supermodels, they're as erotic as animated inflatable dolls (and they probably never fuck!).

S. Ward, New York City

Hmmm . . .

□ I won't bore you with (much-deserved) praise but I simply must comment on your article, 'Morbid Curiosities?' [see Headpress 3]. I think the lead to your story – finding

an old friend in the book, *Mysteries of Life and Death* – may have sparked a memory in me. Since childhood I've always gravitated toward the morbid (where it originated I'll never know; other than an alcoholic and verbally abusive father, I don't recollect any other major dysfunctions . . . and we're all dysfunctional in some way these days) and I remember vividly walking to the local grocery (20 some years ago; I was 10 or so) and, palms clammy, perusing all the true-detective magazines. But one magazine in particular haunts me to this day (hard as I've searched, I've yet to be reintroduced to this old friend).

It was published by the infamous *Hustler* magazine publisher (and cripple, and anarchist, and wearer of a diaper made of the American flag in court and most recently secret financier of *Film Threat*) and was called *Our Violent World*. It only lasted two issues and was dropped.

The particular photo I remember is of a man whose head had been literally skewered on an iron gate fence (the ones with the sharp, pointy ends on top) and had slid down the fence a good three-feet AND A BOBBY WAS TRYING TO SLIDE THE HEAD (BODY AND ALL) UP AND OVER THE FENCE SPIKE, as you might slide steak and vegetables off a shishkebab. According to the caption, the man had gotten in a fight with his wife in their highrise apartment building. He hit her and thinking he'd killed her, he leapt to his death. The beautiful twist, of course, is the wife was very much alive. Talk about futility! The reader couldn't even rationalise with some "Well, at least they're together in the beyond" pabulum.

I didn't purchase the magazine but I'm sure (in these supposedly much more innocent times when porn sat comfortably beside *Good Housekeeping* at your local newsstand) I could easily have done so.

I must have looked at the magazine every day for two weeks. And each time I walked home zombie-like, feeling so relieved that I wasn't looking at it! Yet the next day I'd walk down to the grocery store. . .

American media has become fascinatingly jaded. There are murderer trading cards; magazine-format tabloid TV shows (at least three different ones a day, not counting 'talk' shows); a slew of 'reality' TV shows showing human tragedy and cops-on-the-beat type programming; Time-Life collector series books on the American Civil War along with one on mass murderers; and murderer art has become a big business.

When I was a kid you came home and watched bad cartoons or worse, game shows. Today, kids come home and tune into *Hard Copy* and *A Current Affair* to see a story on the latest serial killer. I recently watched a talk show on the controversy of selling murderers' artwork. Of course the proprietors and sellers of this art were likened to child molesters and the like. But when a victim's relative was asked to give an opinion of this or that movie that portrayed the killer's 'story' there wasn't the blanket of total outrage, but more "I didn't like the way they did this or that with the story." Five years on from now, the

victim's family will demand editorial control and ten years from now they'll produce the fucking film! The American film *Network* was so prophetic when it comes to the media

George Maranville, Lexington, USA

Thanks for the words, George. We've never heard of Hustler's Our Violent World, but, 20 years ago, that would have made it a predecessor to Screw's (equally) ill-fated Death magazine. We'd be happy to hear from anyone who has any recollections or info on this one.

'Brother George' Maranville is one of the two hosts on the cable-access TV show Brains on Film, a kind of Suskel and Ebert if they were hip (and had brains), giving the general thumbs-up to such fare as The Brain from Planet Arous and Poor White Trash Part 2. He also plays in the band Ted Bundy's Volkswagon, who have a new single out (see Culture Guide).

the headpress guide to essential modern culture

Welcome to the latest round-up of what's going down, where. Order details, etc. for the merchandise can now be found at the end of the guide, as opposed to being scattered throughout it. Look for the product or company highlighted in capitals. Easy!

It Wasn't a Shark and It Wasn't a Barracuda Dept.

OV MAGAZINE. This huge A3 size publication has its staples at the top of the page, which require that the thing be read like a flipchart. Which is irritating. A lengthy review of Jim Garrison's book *On the Trail of the Assassins*, the occult truth about football, virtual literature – OV is published by TOPY London, meaning the lot comes complete with an abundance of symbols. The debut issue has one such symbol emblazoned upon its cover – a 'sigil . . . all power to our tribal desires' (Good Lord choke), another one on the back, with several more tokens scattered throughout. Together with three usual incantations, gregarious chants, and monoliths, OV has got to be one heck of a fruitless journey. 'Clean out these trappings and debris ov compromise. . .'

THROBBING ORGAN #34 may have interviews with Utah Saints and Conflict

but more than makes up for it in sheer volume of demo tape reviews. Who takes any notice of these things? The reader? The reviewer? The band themselves? Not unlike late-night TV, demo reviews make for compelling viewing. The Rye "... uncannily like Neil Diamond", Flamingoes "... another 70s sounding Kinks/Jam influenced guitar band", Psyche "... lots of squawking, screaming speeding wildly guitars". One piece of distressing news we garnered from *TO* is that Geoff Mann of A Geoff Mann Band (before that, Twelfth Night) has died. Geoff was a clergyman who played guitar and fronted a prog rock band who sounded a lot like Uriah Heep (*Veny 'eay, Veny 'umble*, particularly). He wore a paisley dog collar in concert.

Twenty years on, Tuppy Owens' *Sex Mania's Diary* has become THE SAFER PLANET SEX DIARY - a gloriously tasty chronicle of the coming year ... in full-colour no less. There is a sex position for every day, kink dates, a condom survey, international guides to fetish clubs, erotica celebrations, brothels, places for telephone numbers. No executive sweet should be without one. (Seems almost a shame to have to write anything down in it.) Also by Tuppy is *The Making of Sensations*, a behind-the-scenes and on-the-set look at the first porn movie to be shot on 35mm. Written in a 'faction'-style, rejected back in 1976, MASQUERADE BOOKS have now picked up and released *Sensations* under their Rhinoceros imprint. By Ms Owens' own admission this is no literary masterpiece, but, as a record of a largely uncharted past, it remains invaluable. (No British distributor as far as we know.)

French and Belgium appear to have a monopoly on fetish magazines, glossy, good-looking affairs. Well here might be another one - SORTILÈGE, from France - only it's not that good-looking and it isn't glossy. Before cancelling that cheque, however, you might care to know that what *Sortilège* lacks in packaging it makes up for in content. This debut issue, at least, concentrates on artists like Alan Vandenbosch, who has naked girls sliding the odd reaming tool down a dick head, and Georges Pichard (occasional artist to BD Editions in Paris) whose line drawings have never been more threatening than they are here: girls on spiked beds have the soles of their feet branded, while pregnant women are flogged, and others are forced to fellate bank clerks as fish hooks pull on their genitals.

Possibly the most unusual thing about DAMN NEW TIRING FANZINE is that it hails from South Africa (with the issue under review. Vol 2, being close on two years old). Comic strips (one of which looks like Moebius meets Jack Kirby), techno, smart drugs, and cyberpunk, *DNTF* approaches each of its subjects like its destined to appear in the pop scene pages of the local rag. A narveté expressed in the title of the publication itself. Publishers, Black Flag, are a distribution service for such books as *The Correct Sadist* and *Macho Sluts*. It'd be interesting to know what kind of censorship/control - if any - exists on works like these in South Africa.

The definitive guide to the zine revolution, that's what *Factsheet 3* is. Reconditioned by R Seth Friedman, there was a long time on Mike Gunderloy's leaving *F3* when everyone believed it to have bitten the big one (not us, though). Issue #47 and #48 are fabulous kooky reference tomes, listing and reviewing literally thousands of publications, from handwritten xerox jobs to professional full-colour mags, on subjects ranging from Food & Health through to Misc. You know its gonna be more fun to read about many of these publications than it is to read the zines themselves, (and the ones that you would want to read are bizarre sex things, therefore likely to go missing at UK customs), but *F3* is great both as light entertainment and as sourcebook. AK DISTRIBUTION supplied us with ours.

Some folk might recall the homo fiction of Andy Gatheridge from a Culture Guide way back when. He's back with a new selection of writing entitled QUEER TALES, semi-literate as ever. 'A Religious Experience' sees young lad Phil being picked up in a public toilet, then bugged in church. "My anal warts are still sore, they were like grapes last week." Other mini masterpieces include 'Joe was Positive' and 'A Daily Spanking', a radio play.

Now the 'Best Comic Book on Earth', Savoy still fail to pull any punches with issue #7 of their MENG & ECKER. A profusion of flaccid members on the cover dribbling come, a turn of the page and Lord Horror's Creep Boys get to crash Mothercare during an orgy in 'Andertonbirds Are Go', while 'Rip et Up' has the cops arriving in Moss Side on a PR drive. "Evening all, I trust none of you niggers are selling porn?" Something of a departure this time around is that several articles and interview features go to complement the strips. A conversation with Savoy artist Kris Guidio is particularly welcome.

Craig Ledbetter has recently compiled those elusive, early editions of EUROPEAN TRANSIT CINEMA into one volume. All 12 issues of them. If that sounds great, war "ll you see the asking price" \$12.95 for 90 A5 pages, all of which are reproduced exactly as they originally appeared - no additional typesetting, no layout, nothing!! Considering that you're getting dated, half-page plugs for cheap fanzines next to the actual reviews, the price tag is remarkably steep. Surely, this Collector's *ETC* could have been shorn of much of its grist, the photos screened, and the content laid out properly - saving on page count - for a percentage of the asking price?

Bullet Proof (\$5.00 USA/\$7.00 elsewhere) is an A4, spiral-bound, smudged, 100-page-plus tome from Ken McIntyre consisting of short stories (episodes would be more accurate), prose, essays, and comic art. The tales are first-rate, vivid, seething with humour, horror, and sex and violence. Take, for instance *Bullet Proof 2*'s:

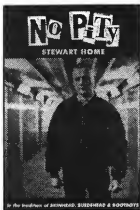


Screams were coming from every street, every building, every and four gunshots and explosions gave the scene a rhythm all its own, like one last extended slow remix for the world to die to. It was really a shame Jesus had returned and they fucking nailed him again that this time they televised it. This time they strapped him into a chair and fired him alive as a lesson to the masses.

The essays are focused generally on killers and cannibals, some familiar, some not so. The comic art, unfortunately, doesn't do the publication any justice but only draws a fraction of the page count. There are lots of repro ads for guns and dildos scattered throughout. *Bullet Proof* you really must have, simply for the volatile read and it's available from BLACK TOMATO PRODUCTIONS.

VAMPIRES from the stable of Tim Greaves' 1-Shot Publications. A tribute to the magnificent José Larraz movie, Greaves has compiled interviews with most everyone involved on that 1974 production (barring the ever-elusive stars Marianne Morris and Anulka Dzubinska), as well as filmographies of all the players, and an assessment of the varying versions of the movie to be found around the world. Lots of great shots too, both in front of and behind the camera. The foreword is by Larraz himself. We won't say more than that (except maybe the world needs this publication).

because it has since sold out. Badger Tim to reprint it, or order his next 1-Shot, an illustrated memento on Veronica Carlson. Though, it can't possibly live up to *Fampires* by *No Pin* (£5.95 AK Press) by Stewart Home is a collection of his (thankfully) short stories. The stories of anarchy, drug violence, hard-core sex and sadism read like they've flowed from the pen of Shaun Hutson. No real characterization, just jets of blood and cum, broken bones and shit, time and time again.



The Idle Warriors (BlumNet Press) is a book in which Lee Harvey Oswald plays a pivotal role. What's more, it is alleged to have been written before the shooting of JFK. Of the guys Kerry W. Thornley shared his days with in the Marine Corps, Oswald was one of them. Controversy surrounds this work. Some claim it to be baloney; others that it shows Oswald to be whacker right from the start. It's a good novel; the rest of the stuff is a bonus. AK DISTRIBUTION supplied us with our copy.

DELICIOUS BOOKS are offering to the disciplinarians a reprint of the 19th century classic *The Romance of Chastisement; or, Revelations of School and Bedroom by An Expert* (£19.95). You know the kind of stuff. Even so, here's a brief taster: 'Legions of armed men surrounded me and formed a square. Within it were a post with dangling cords, a coffin, and a band of executioners, grim in beard and sheepskin, flourishing terrific knouts. One of them sprang towards me, tore off my clothes, and...' We'll leave it there. The book is reproduced as it originally appeared and is very nice too. Hardback, but a bit pricey especially when you add the postage costs of £1.20 UK/£1.50 Europe/£3.90 elsewhere.

Here's a round-up of the latest items to come our way courtesy of CREATION PRESS. First off: a reissue of Arthur Machen's *The Great God Pan* (£7.95/\$15.95). Illustrated throughout with the automatic drawings of Austin Osman Spare, this first novel of Machen's was blasted by the critics of 1894 as being 'an incoherent nightmare of sex'. Of course, it is relatively tame today (even by Machen standards), but the weirdness of Machen's work – and the scarcity of this book in particular – makes *The Great God Pan* most worthy of attention.

One disciple of Arthur Machen finds himself the focus of another Creation tome: H.P. Lovecraft. *Crawling Chaos* (£9.95/\$19.95) is a selection of his work dating from 1920 to 1935, and an introduction by Colin Wilson that opens: '... I think I can probably claim some of the credit for introducing H.P. Lovecraft to the British reading public.' Nice one. Col. Nicely packaged, this huge selection of perhaps Lovecraft's less tedious passages (avoiding the sci-fi and 'Dunsanian' numbers), commences with the eponymous 'The Crawling Chaos', through to – in chronological order – 'The Hound of the Dark'. Each a splendid psychedelic exercise.

On a more contemporaneous note, experimental writer and performer, Aaron Williamson, sees the release of his volume *A Holy Throat Symposium* (£7.95/\$14.95) out on Creation. So too, *Rapid Eye* (£11.95/\$23.00), the first volume. For those not familiar with the *Rapid Eye* series of books (both of them), you're in for a treat. Expanded and revised since its first publication in 1989, herein are pieces by Burroughs,

Kathy Acker, Genesis P-Orridge. But, of course, of more interest than that, Sandy Robertson delves into the strange world of Reverend Montague Summers, author of the 'classic' *The History of Witchcraft and Demonology*. Simon Dwyer looks at 'Dispatches', the TV programme that was effectually led to the P-Orridge's seeking asylum in the United States. Ian Blake cross-referring conspiracy theories, UFOs, cattle mutilation, and nazis. ... Over 460 pages, fully illustrated, and totally absorbing. Of their film books scheduled for April release, Creation have also got an updated *House of Hammer: The Complete Hammer Films Story*, the *Lorimer Book*, (£12.95/\$23.00).

Maybe His Head Just Got Loose and Fell Off Dept.

The kind of bass all you dancefloor liggers have come to appreciate – insistent, throbbing, with just a twist of lemon – hangs its way through RANCID DIABLO's *The Plan 9 EP* (Mute Records). Fortunately, they swamp it with a lot of noise stuff: Guitars are much of feedback. Any trumpets are used to great effect (they just 'blurt' aimlessly). Vocals are grinding. 'Plan 9', the title track, is a big banger. 'Beautiful Flowers Pt 2' made us put on our sequined pants and get in the groove thing. That's pre-industrial blip-bip pants. We like it.

HAPPY BOY MARGARINE is a vinyl platter available only with copies of *Bananafish* magazine #8. A selection of music and personalities featured in that there issue, *Happy Boy Margarine* has Dame Darcy reciting the story of Little Red Riding Hood, Evil Moisture (aka E aka Andy Bullock, aka Andy Bohus) doing some cosmic shunting during excerpts from his *Yerm Flowers* cassette, Masonna singing 'Masonic USA', and Raymond Scott with an interesting sleeve note on how he couldn't possibly have recorded the track the way he claims he has.

A couple of new ones from SHOCK records: Cosmonauts Hail Satan play 'Satan, Yum and You Parts I and II' (they actually hail from Leeds), a 45rpm limited to 666 copies. While Ascension's 'Two Titles', limited to 600, will leave your bowels slack. A truly irregular guitar and drum sound from people you don't want to know.

Another magazine-related number is the double bill of Ruke and Con Demek, available with the first 750 copies of GRIM HUMOUR Vol 2 #3. Can't remember a damn thing about this one.

TED BUNDY'S VOLKSWAGON are having distribution troubles over here in Blighty (they haven't got any). Not grunge and not exactly metal – that's always a tricky one for distributors. But 'Hulk Mad', the title track of their debut single, is a storming mash of warped idealism (the other tracks aren't so good). Their latest release, *Baker*, a double EP package, comes in both black and white vinyls and has not a dull moment on it. 'Jehovah Smack' and 'Worm' are particularly monstrous.

We mentioned them some time ago, but now they have a CD album out: THE CREATURES OF THE GOLDEN DAWN with 1000 Shadows. Garage as garage should be: live guitars, raw vocals, wrong time *rise*, and half a melody. This is a great album. Kind of The Barraclades during *The World's a Burn*. And bey, any band who choose to cover The Genu's 'Dom' Me In' is a dead cert in our books.

DORA SUAREZ is the name of a spoken word album. Derek Raymond, crime writer, reads from his *I Was Dora Suarez*, with James Johnston and Terry Edwards of Gallon Drunk, providing some surprisingly fetching musical counterpart. Raymond – who writes outside the UK as Robin Cook (not the author of *Coma*) and was once an 'indirect banker to the Krays' – has a jovial lilt to his voice, like several pints not enough; one that is bound to pull the rug from under you. For *Dora Suarez* is quite

remarkable. A young woman is axed to death in her London bedsit. The local Det.Sgt., increasingly obsessed with the tragic victim, is determined to find the killer. Doesn't sound much, admittedly, but a few syllables into this album and you'll be hooked. It's a sordid, savage world all right. The opening murder of an old woman, rammed head-first into a grandfather clock, is so rich, so commanding, so *intuitively* delivered, one cannot fail to acknowledge Derek Raymond's genius.

Dara Suarez is also the subject of a video, conceived and produced by Michael Tomkins and Nick Abrahams (whom we hope to cover in a future *Headpress*). Ethereal montages accompany the author's reading.

Briefly: The EXTREME collection of CD releases from Cargo Records includes Sound Column's *Lights in a Fat City*, textural stuff featuring a didgeridoo; Christoph Heemann's *Invisible Barrier*; Otomo Yoshihide's *The Night Before the Death of the Sampling Virus*; and, Jim O'Rourke's *Remove the Need*. Also received was INSURGENT's *System Structure Security*, a wholesome looking bunch on Terra Vox records?

From NUCLEAR BLAST comes Fetish 69's *Anthology*. The band are of Austrian origin. Their music is described as 'torture-rock' which is pretty accurate as Christian Fetish's vocals are harsher than a rusting rasp file. Tracks on the album include *Pig Blood*, *Stomachturner* and *Being Bored*, the latter sounding better than its title indicates. Also from Nuclear Blast, and somewhat more listenable, is Dead World's *The Machine*. *Dead World* Everywhere is a thoroughly disturbing track combining industrial noise with suicide confessions. Heavy stuff from the two-man band who brought you *This Will Hurt Someone*, titled after Budd Dwyer's immortal last line

Your Cassettes Are Destroying Innocent People ...

Always been curious about The Church of the Subgenius? Well, now you



can get SOMETHING NEW TO DUFFLE, an investigation into the said organisation from Dog Eat Dog World Dog Food Films, Inc. At least it claims to be an investigation, more a promotional video. However, the tape does make fascinating viewing if you can survive the rapid-fire barrage footage of autopsies, R. Budd Dwyer (what, again?), news clippings and innumerable other horrible little snippets. The tape costs £10/\$20/£100 including postage.

The latest chunkblowers from Vtaco include that old favourite, *Massacre at Central High*. Who

can forget the tale of a young student at a new school who is paralysed by the local posse in a bizarre boating accident, then takes his revenge? The funny thing about this movie is that there are no adults present - even in the school classrooms and corridors - until the last few minutes.

Renee Daalder directs with the panache of a spare tyre. *The Slime* is shot direct-to-video by first-time director Gregory Lamberson. Alex takes up board in a house where neighbours talk of a occult goings-on. Wise choice. Soon, he is dripping facial goo (we won't tell you why so as not to spoil the surprise), and goes all-out to kill his friends. The prosthetic melt-down effects are desperately cheesy, looking like they were poured straight from

a Heinz soup can onto Alex's forehead. The whole ridiculous shebang ends on a particularly violent note, and the movie awards itself an 'Uncut' Director's Version' (!!!) rating. But we doubt that *The Slime* gave the BBFC any sleepless nights.

Even worse is *Brain Fix*. A doctor figures that by implanting ugly parasites into the heads of mental patients, he'll make them better. But things go tragically wrong. Perhaps the comiest sets ever seen in a 'modern' movie, and anesthetized actors who might at first raise a chuckle - but that's yer lot. Black comedy this ain't, it's condescending bullshit. Who said parasites can't be fun? runs the jacket blurb. We'd rather pickle our testicles. Or those of Scott Wallace and Jim Amin, the pair responsible for this.

It's Open Season on planet Earth when an alien arrives and starts hunting humans. That's the premise of Grevedon Clark's *The Hunting*. The thing from Outer Space fells its prey with mucous pizza-darts. Only a few people know what's going on, and one of them is certifiably whacked. This might all sound a bit far-fetched and not too happening, but believe us, the cast alone is worthy of your attention. How many movies can boast appearances by Jack Palance, Martin Landau, Neville Brand, and Cameron Mitchell? What's more, the thing is driven along at a fair pace by director Grevedon Clark. And should you require further encouragement, then Jack Palance's kamikaze run at the thing, yelling "I-I-ee-n-n!" is it.

Terror Eyes opens with an FBI copyright warning, and runs like a compilation of better *Twilight Zone* episodes. And, as with *The Twilight Zone*, the build up of each of these three vignettes is better than their conclusion. But that isn't to say the stories aren't extremely effective. One tale has a female chess champion pitting her wits against a misogynistic arcade games manufacturer, the evil genius behind 'The Slasher'. Another sees a spy being granted three attempts at getting a burglary job right, with a slight variable thrown in each time. Direct-to-video, but with due care and attention. Directed by Eric Parkerson.

Here's a genuine surprise. Jess Franco's one-time DPP banned list stalwart *Bloody Moon*, is back out in the open again. What's more, if the review copy is anything to go by, it's got every upsetting scene intact. Even the circular saw and knife blade thru the nipple! We doubt that this version will be on sale in the shops.

Aldo Ray. There's a name that ought to send a shiver down anyone's spine. In *Dark South*, a young couple move to a new house, but it doesn't keep Karen from having her visions. Somebody has been murdered, but the case is far from solved. The possible suspects range from the retarded gardener, an ex-cop, thrown off the force, who insists on offering Karen his help, the man across the street who is constantly making lewd remarks, and Karen's husband - very touchy. The visions themselves are nothing more than provision for a severed head to be seen rolling around and maybe make some execrable happen. (£12.99 apiece)

Other movies to fall through the mailbox include a batch of tales from First Independent. The best of the bunch is *The Church* directed by Michele Soavi. A fine horror movie set in the confines of a gothic church diseased with sadism. *The Church* emanates claustrophobic evil as it follows a plot similar to Soavi's earlier, and inferior effort, *Demons*.

The Lawnmower Man is now available in a 'director's cut' version with an additional 30 minutes. Having not seen the original release comparisons cannot be made, however, it must have been pretty bad if this is an improvement. The film does have its moments but on the whole it's not much more than an updated *Tron*. Finally from First Independent comes J.P. Simon's truly appalling *Cthulhu Mansion*. If you thought *Slugs* was

had wait until you see this one. A magician discovers an occult book which causes chaos in his mansion. A bunch of lowlifes hide out in the magic man's home after a bungled drug deal. People die. Furniture moves. Plants live. The magician's name is Chandu and the thug leader is called Hawk which says a lot about the film. Stars a very desperate and weary Frank Findlay trying to earn a buck or two.

Far more worthy of a place on your video shelf is the latest offering from IMAGE 37 PRODUCTIONS. *Strange Movies* is the aptly titled new release from Damon Barr and Marie-Anne Ferral. Five short films crammed into 37 minutes! *Test Film [Family Cut-up/Scratching the Layers]* is three minutes of 16mm and 8mm 'found footage' spliced together. The footage is plundered from educational film and home movie sources. The result is weird, mismatching material that reflects back to the family in crisis theme depicted in Barr and Ferral's earlier *Catharsis*. *Bodyshock* is a gut-kicking pastiche of fast editing, disturbing images and a potential nightmare for the BFFC as they try to figure out just what *exactly* is being shown on the screen. The effects utilised are astonishingly simple but alarmingly convincing. *Oral Engagement Ritual* has a fully clothed girl, complete with lampshade hat, sitting in a bathtub eating lots of food. At the end she brushes her teeth, so she seems to be a nice girl after all. *Strange Sister*, the longest film on the tape, seems to be designed to induce celibacy. Images from glossy porn magazines are juxtaposed with pictures of syphilis-rotted genitals and faces at a fast and furious pace. Lastly, *SM189/Cellar* 23 avoids the surrealism of the preceding titles and concentrates on pure sado masochism. Filmed in sharp black and white a woman fetishist fantasises about controlling her strung-up lover in a dingy cellar.

This segment may cause some problems with certification, molten wax being dripped on nipples and other pam/sex associations. *Strange Movies* is yet further evidence that Image 37 are producing some of the finest underground movies around. For information on availability write them.

In her transit van, Carol picks up a hitchhiker and invites him to stay at her place for a few days. This he does. When he decides to leave, however, she blackmails him into staying, with knock-out drugs, a polaroid camera, and a gamely 12-year-old (on her way to P.E. class, no less). Things get worse for our travelling man when Carol buys a whore and shoots her dead while she's blowing him. Richard Baylor's latest picture, CIRSUM DELECTUS, takes as its springboard the 'Sunset Slayer' murders case, transposing the setting away from those Hollywood hills to bad ass Ipswich. This film is a tower of perversity; one of the most enjoyable works to come out of Britain in a long time. £10.00/\$20.00 (inc p&p) payable to R. Baylor. Please state whether PAL or NTSC is required.



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